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POWER.

BY JAMES HUNTER MACCULLOCH.

The early man trembled
With awe before power,
Which he fancied resembled
His brief kind, of an hour.
For his mind was law-blind, being closest,
now the bud is a half-opened flower.

The late man disguises
This worship and awe,
From powers rises
To a uniform law,
Expressing the will of a uniform power, that
alone reason saw.

And still to power bending
In homage profound,
Now Nature's art rending,
Man's failing to ground,
Stakes apart the gas atom, and after builds
up without sensible sound.

'Tis this that makes heroes
Fascinating to all,
Let their crimes be like Nero's—
For we hate but the small.
And was it not wishing to be like to God was
the cause of man's fall?

The power to do moulds us,
Let what will be the source;
'Tis work done ever holds us
With bonds to our course—
Our highest ideal is infinite power, an Absolute Force.

ON DANGEROUS GROUND:

—OR—

AGATHA'S FRIENDSHIP

A Romance of American Society.

BY MRS. BLOOMFIELD MOORE.

"It is from the great book of Nature, the same through a thousand editions, whether of black-letter or wire-wove and hot-pressed, that I have venturously essayed to read a chapter to the public."

CHAPTER XXVI.

MILDRED CONFIDES THE HISTORY OF HER FIRST LOVE TO AGATHA.

Her love died a death for which there is no resurrection—it died killed by shame, contempt and a sort of horror which left nothing behind but the stinging recollection of a great error.—"*John Derrein.*"

Agatha, aroused from her slumber by the noise made upon the arrival of the telegram, knew nothing of Mr. Tracey's return; and supposing Paul Howard to be still in the drawing-room with Mildred, awaited his departure before joining her. She lived over in memory all the incidents of the past week in which Carroll Tracey bore a part, dwelling the longest upon their last conversation. Suddenly, remembering the sheet of paper on which she had read the verse which so eloquently embodied her ideas of human friendship, she looked for it under the books that were lying upon the table. It was not there. She drew out one of the drawers in which several sheets lay loosely, some of them written upon. The first that she took up was a poem under the heading:

AFFINITAT.

Not ours upon Elysian seas to ride,
Wafted by breezes spice-perfumed and soft,
Seeking some harbor where our days may glide
In fond endearments and in converse oft.

Oceans as well might roll between us here—
So wide apart our daily paths must lie;
Yet time nor distance could I ever fear,
Where souls are knitted in so close a tie.

Is there a haven where our paths will meet,
While o'er us neither clouds nor storms shall lower,
Where, though the moments pass howe'er so fleet,
No shadows haunt them of the parting hour?

Ah, He who kindled in our hearts this flame—
Pure as upon the vestal virgins' shrines—
Has taught me charity where others blame,
And with this gift my inner life refines.

He will, if faithful unto our dear trust,
So crown our lives with Love's immortal bays,
That chance, nor fate, nor laws both wide and just
Shall mar the pleasure of our peaceful days.

As Agatha read, her heart almost stood still. It was Carroll's well-known handwriting, but was it a composition, or only a translation? She knew not what to think. Again and again she read the poem, some subtle influence from it stealing deeper and deeper into heart each time that she read it, until it was to her as though "her outward form was consumed as by a flash of lighting, and left her soul face to face with his soul;" no longer needing his bodily presence, or the ministry of her own senses, for her mind to communicate with his, because of its "capability of seizing hold of the imperishable, the eternal" that dwells within. Thus lifted up in her exaltation of soul, above and beyond the world, it was as if heaven opened and revealed itself to her. The paper lay upon the table before her, and folding her hands over it, she raised her eyes, as a saint might have done in some hour of ecstatic devotion.

Later, when Carroll Tracey, after holding a long conversation with his wife, went out upon the piazza to walk off, as far as was possible, his excitement in the open air before going to the hotel, where he had ordered his luggage to be taken from the dock, he gave one more look through the library window as he passed. Memories of that serene, upturned face, of the holy light in the dreaming eyes, of the sweet smile of saintly happiness that lingered about the mouth, went with him to sustain and bless him in the dark hours that were to try his soul before its worth was tested. The closing of the hall door, followed as it speedily was by sounds of partially suppressed weeping, brought Agatha back to earth again. Supposing it to be Paul Howard who had left, she immediately went to the drawing-room, and there found Mildred in an agony of tears.

"What is the matter Mildred?" she exclaimed. "How you do frighten me! Do tell me what is the matter!" And sitting down beside her, Agatha encircled Mildred's waist with her arm, and tried to draw her head down upon her shoulder. "Has Paul Howard said anything to offend you? I am sure he has. Tell me, Mildred, for pity's sake tell me."

"Oh, Agatha! Agatha! Agatha!" was her only answer.

"What has happened? Mildred, try to compose yourself and tell me. You will surely be ill after this."

"I wish I were ill, I wish I were dead!" was her only answer. She was weeping more quietly now, and Agatha, waiting for the moment when, exhausted by her weeping, she should become sufficiently calm to speak with her of her trouble, recalled the history which Carroll Tracey had told her, and felt her suspicions deepening into convictions that he had been speaking of himself. But how could that be possible? Once more Agatha spoke, "Do at least tell me that Paul Howard has nothing to do with your trouble, whatever it is."

"I wish that I could tell you so," she answered, suppressing her sobs, and really struggling to regain control over herself. "I wish that I could, but it was he who has compromised me with Carroll. Tell me, Agatha, what would you have thought of me if you had found me in Paul Howard's arms when you came into the room?"

"What would I have thought? How can I ever imagine what I would have thought, when I cannot conceive the possibility of your being in such a situation? Mildred, what do you mean?" asked Agatha, looking as horrified as she felt.

Long, quivering sighs escaped Mildred, as with bent head, and eyes fixed on the carpet, she continued: "I mean that Carroll found me in Paul Howard's arms; when too late for the boat he returned here, and that although I told him that I could not help it he did not believe me." A hard, stoical look had settled upon her face; while upon Agatha's was an expression of unbelief, as though she could not credit such a statement.

"You could not help it! Surely, Mildred, you do not know what you are saying. But I am quite sure that, no matter how much appearances are against you, your husband is too good and too just a man to wrong you by any unworthy suspicions. Do you really mean to say that Paul Howard dared to show you such an insult under my roof? Tell me how it happened."

"He got up to go, and when I arose, he suddenly caught me in his arms, and, before I knew what he was doing, he had nearly smothered me with kisses on my mouth. Perhaps it was my fault, for he had been talking to me as he had never talked before, and I was weak enough to listen, and foolish enough to reason with him for his folly. Agatha, I daresay even you would scarcely credit me if I were to tell you all that passed between us. You would at least say that I was not true to myself to allow him to say what he did; but I like him so much, and I felt so sorry for him, and I was quite sure that I could show him his folly; and the end is that Carroll and I are going to be divorced."

"Divorced!" echoed Agatha. "You cannot be divorced. What God hath joined together man cannot lawfully put asunder, save for one cause; and you are both true to each other: so you cannot be divorced."

"God did not join us together. I married Carroll Tracey, not for love, but to revenge myself upon another. Do you think God has anything to do with such marriges?"

"Mildred! how horrible!"

"You may well say, 'How horrible!' Yes, I married him for pique, and before the first six months had passed he knew that it was so."

Agatha remembered the history he had unfolden to her, and knew that it was his own. Shocked beyond power of expression, she could hardly restrain from withdrawing her hand, which clasped one of Mildred's, but the sad face mutely pleaded for compassion; and Agatha, touched by its wretchedness, said: "Poor child! how could you have done such an awful wrong to him, and to yourself?"

"You may well ask the question. I do not know now how I could have done it; but I did it remorselessly then, and without any compunction. I loved another, and that one, cool and cautious, weighed me in the balance, and found me wanting in the requisites for a wife that his judgment demanded. He never told me that he loved me, or that he was afraid to trust his happiness to my keeping; yet I knew it, and, conscious of my influence over him, I thought in the end his love for me would overcome his fears. We were at an old-fashioned rural watering-place, and Carroll Tracey and his young sister were there. It amused me to see the jealousy that Carroll's attentions awakened, and it flattered me that a man like Carroll should single me out and devote himself to me. All summer long I played one off against the other, and—fancied that the one to whom he devoted himself was made use of as I made use of Carroll. One moonlight night a party of us went down to sit upon the rocks as we had often done before. Carroll and I took our seats rather apart from the rest. He whom I loved was sitting with the same young girl, also apart, but nearer us than the others. As low as they were speaking, the murmur of the waves could not drown his voice for my ear, and I heard him ask her to be his wife. I did not hear her answer, but I knew what it was; and my heart ached at the thought that that child, that schoolgirl, was my rival!—that she would be the wife of the man whom I adored—the man whose unloved wife I would rather have been in those days than to have seen him the husband of another. I had previously done my share of the talking, but after that blow I could not speak. Carroll mistook my silence for sentiment, my abstraction for a tenderer feeling, and became more tender and more full of sentiment than I had ever found him before. He pressed me for some reason for the melancholy mood which had come over me. I answered impetuously, just as I felt at that moment, that I was wretched, tired of life, that I longed to die. When I saw how these declarations affected him, a desperate purpose came over me. So well did I succeed, that when we walked up to the hotel together, I had promised to be his wife. I have always thought that he offered himself to me from pity more than from love; and out of pique I accepted him. Not until our return to our homes were the two engagements announced mine to Carroll, and that of his sister Agnes to Harold Graham." Are you tired, Agatha? for there is more to come, and I want to tell you all."

"No, I am not tired, Mildred; but you look so white and weary that I am afraid for you. Had you not better go to bed, and tell me the rest to morrow?"

"To-morrow morning we go by the Shore line to New York. Mr. Tracey left his luggage at the Ocean House. He has gone back there for the night, and he is coming early in the morning to take me away. His sister is dead. We got the telegram after his return from the boat, and we are going home for the funeral. Nothing is to be known of our separation until the divorce is applied for."

She was so unnaturally calm now, that Agatha would willingly have seen the tears flowing again.

"I must tell you all now," resumed Mildred. "It is a relief to me to be able to speak at last of matters that have never passed my lips before. You already know that we were married and went home to live with Carroll's father for a time. Agnes was married soon after, and in the summer we were all thrown together at their country-house—a place out of Boston, which had been in the family for I don't know how many generations. It is an odd old house, with a wing built on here, and a bay window there, just as each owner fancied, without any pretensions to architecture of any sort, and one of those bay windows cost me the happiness of my life, for I do believe that I could in time have made myself dear to Carroll, and that he would have been all in all to me."

Mildred paused, shading her eyes with her hand as she recalled the events in the connection that she desired to narrate them. Agatha listened in almost breathless attention.

"How plainly I can see the room! the worn, home-made, striped carpet, with the straight-backed chairs, the tall polished andirons, holding bouquets of asparagus instead of the logs that blazed upon them in cold days; the muslin curtains that curtained off the great bay window, swaying to and fro in the air that swept in from beds of jonquils and moss-pinks, and thickets of honeysuckle. Ah, Agatha! since that day it has taken only the odor of those flowers to make me ill! But I have not told you how it all came about. Who is it that has said 'Face-joy is a costly mask to wear?' I have worn mine so well that no one dreamed of the aching heart that I always carried in my bosom—aching, not more with a sense of my own wretchedness, than with remorse for the wrong I had done my husband. To atone as far as possible for the wrong I had resolved never to trust myself alone in the presence of the man whom I still loved—almost as passionately as in the days of my girlhood. No, I will not say 'the man,' for it was not he, as he disclosed himself to me on that day; it was the ideal that I had raised an altar to in my heart. So sedulously did I avoid Harold Graham, that Agnes noticed it, and called me to account for my rudeness; but did it in such a kind, sisterly way, that I felt more affection for her than I had ever felt before. The daily penance that I underwent schooled me at last into a calm confidence in myself, and made me in time fearless as to the future, as far as any exposure of my real feelings was concerned. I was like one dwelling in green vineyards that had spread themselves over the side of a volcano; heedless of the molten lava that bubbled and boiled beneath, and that any moment might rend the earth under the feet and swallow up all that was lovely, leaving nothing but desolation. By no look or word had I ever betrayed to Harold that he was still dear to me; although not a day passed that did not bring me some experience which contributed to show me that the love he gave to Agnes was as different from that which he felt for me, as a little meadow streamlet differs from the mountain torrent that carries all before it."

Again Mildred paused, and Agatha lifting her hand to her lips, kissing it said:

"What a poetical nature you have! I feel as though I was only beginning to know and understand you. How dreadful that anything should have come between you and Carroll, when you were made for each other!"

"No, we were not made for each other. I am sure of that. Two poetical temperaments—that is, two imaginative, idealising natures—ought never to be brought together in marriage. If one has refined and exalted sense, the other should possess common sense, so that one may balance the other; or I am sure their children would be lunatics, to say nothing of the weariness and satiety that like wedded to like always brings. I know that I could no more make Carroll happy than you could, for, you see, we, all three of us, are too much alike."

"But like abstracts like," said Agatha, wishing in her heart that Mildred would not make so many digressions.

"In friendship, yes; in love, opposites only make a perfect whole. Carroll and I were matched, not mated, or else he would have forgiven what there was to forgive, and grown to love me in time. As for me, I have so longed for love, that had but a dog loved me, I could have loved him in return. It has been well said that to man love is amusement, but to woman a necessity. It is my life. Do you fancy that I have had no temptations in these long years in which he has been indifferent to me as if I was an image of marble, instead of flesh and blood? But no, I will not do myself the injustice to say that I have been tempted, for I never have for one moment forgotten that I belonged to another and not to myself; though sometimes I have wished that I could forget it."

"Poor Mildred! But will you not tell what happened that morning in the old country-house?"

"Where was I? I forget. Ah, I was telling you what an unsatisfied life Harold led—that I saw what a dear price he had paid for having suffered his caution to triumph over his love. I saw also that, like myself, it was his duty alone that enabled him to maintain the reserve which he adopted. Agnes had one of those weak, clinging natures which some men idolise in a woman, and others soon weary of. She all but worshiped him; and more than once I felt embarrassed by his want of deference to her wishes, and his undue though formal deference to mine. I saw with pain that his nature in no way harmonised with hers: while each day made her dearer to me because of her amiability—her thoughtful consideration for others. How little she dreamed why it was that I so often refused her request to sing, how unamiable and disobliging she must have thought me! But, Agatha, I was afraid of myself. The very song she asked me for were those I had sung again and again with her husband; and not a word but was associated with some memory of him. Our favorite lounging place—Agnes' and mine—was the deep oriel window that I have told you of; it was shut off from the gloomy wainscoted parlor by thickly embroided muslin curtains. This little alcove was always light, notwithstanding the glass was stained and great matted branches of honeysuckle fell over the upper part of it. We kept our books there, our writing-desk, and our work-baskets; and our mornings were engaged with one or the other, while Carroll and Harold were off shooting, fishing, or in some way amusing themselves. In the afternoon we all rode or drove together, or took long rambles through the woods. One afternoon I found myself when walking left behind, as I thought; and glad to be alone, I sat down on a mossy log, thinking I would wait for their return, as I did not feel in the mood of taking a longer walk. But I had scarcely thrown off my hat when I heard the crackling of steps over the dried pine-needles that carpeted the ground. I turned my head, and saw Harold Graham approaching. There was no restraint in his manner now, as he threw himself down in front of me. Looking up into my face he said abruptly, without preface of any kind, 'You know what is in my heart, and I know what is in yours. We cannot deceive each other, though we may deceive all the world beside.' I was so utterly astounded that I could not answer. He continued, 'If the day ever comes that you love me any less I will kill you.' He was looking straight into my eyes, his own so luminous with a strange light that they held mine as if a serpent had charmed me.

"'You will kill me?' I said at last. 'Possibly that is the most merciful thing you could do;' and as I said these words I thought how sweet death would be to come by his hands, and wished that it might come then and there. But in the same instant I remembered my marriage vow, and closing my eyes I tried to shut out that magnetic gaze, which was sending electric waves from my head to my feet, and at the same time taking all strength out of me, so that I was powerless to rise. I knew in that moment how the birds feel that drops into the jaw of the boa-constrictor. 'Why do you close your eyes, and shut me out of heaven, in these few brief moments that we are alone together?' he asked. I did not answer. 'You dare not look at me!' he said, in a tone of defiance. I replied, 'You are right. I dare not.'

"How terrible imprudent for you to admit that, Mildred!" exclaimed Agatha. "You ought to have repelled him at once, and asserted your——"

"I am telling you what I did do—not what I ought to have done," replied Mildred. "It is always easy to see how one might have been a heroine, or a saint even, after the opportunity has passed; but it takes a philosopher to always see what one ought to do, and a stoic to do it, when every pulse in your body is going wrong."

"Stoics do not have any pulses that go wrong, I suppose," said Agatha. "Now you ought to have——"

"Don't tell me what I ought to have done: please don't," pleaded Mildred. "I know too well what I ought to have done. But it was destiny that made me do as I did. It is easy for you to say that I ought to have done this or that, or that you would have done thus or so, had you been in my place; but, Agatha, no one can judge for another, and no one knows what one would do unless placed in precisely the same circumstances. Judged we may be by each other, but God who alone sees the heart and knows all that goes to make up the strength of the temptation to do wrong instead of right—He alone can pass righteous judgment. Tell me, Agatha, did the thought ever cross your mind, that not Satan, but God, leads us into temptation, and that He does so lead us in order that we may attain greater heights than we could ever reach if it were not for such stepping-stones that take us upward?"

"I do not think that either God or Satan tempts," answered Agatha. "I think it is the evil in our own hearts, and that if we yield to it, it gains power and becomes our master; and that if we resist it, good in us grows stronger and dominates over the evil."

"But our Saviour prayed, 'Lead us not into temptation!'"

"I never thought of that before; and yet the apostle James says, 'Let no man say when he is tempted, I am tempted of God.' My favorite passage concerning temptation is in these words of St. Paul, 'God will not suffer ye to be tempted above that ye are able; but will with the temptation also make a way to escape.'"

"And that promise was literally fulfilled in my case, for just when I was the most powerless, the weakest, when the very next moment I might have admitted something that all my life I would have regretted, I saw Carroll and Agnes approaching. Harold had said a great deal more, but I had not spoken after those words, I dare not. We all walked home together. I had never seen Harold in such a wild, reckless mood as he was in for the rest of that day and evening, and I had never seen him so dangerously handsome before. I tried to keep my eyes from him; but every now and then, he would address to me a question that obliged me to raise my eyes to his; for of all guilty-looking creatures, that one who cannot encounter the eyes of questioner in replying is the most to be pitied; and each time his look sent through me such thrills as I never felt before. That night I said to Carroll, 'I want to go away from here. The air or something does not agree with me.' He replied, that he had never seen me looking better, and that he had hoped I would like the quiet of the country as much as he did, for that the noisy gaiety of a watering-place was very distasteful to him. What could I do? I said nothing more, and waited for a better opportunity, hoping that chance would befriend me: for I do believe in chance, or destiny, or Providence, or whatever you choose to call it."

"'Chance comes from Providence, and man must mould it to his own design,'" quoted Agatha.

Mildred shook her head. "No, my design and my wish was to get away without any betrayal to Carroll or Agnes of Harold's and my unhappy love for each other. Listen, until I tell you what chance did for me; or rather, come to think of it, what chance would have done for me, had I not attempted to mould it to my own designs. The next afternoon our horses were brought around, all of them needing exercise, and Carroll and I started off, when Agnes called after us that we were pairing off together as usual, like a second edition of Adam and Eve' and asked Carroll to ride with her and let Harold ride with me. Had I accepted that arrangement, all would have been well, for I was in a mood to put an end to his madness; but I quietly said to Carroll that I had my reasons for preferring to ride with him; and he shouted back to his sister that he felt like monopolising me. As we rode off he said, 'You do not like your brother-in-law.' It was true that I did not like him, for I loved him, and so I wickedly prevaricated and said that I did not like him. If I had only summoned courage then to tell the truth; but of what use is it to say if I had done this, or done that, when even in evil I believe that it is God who worketh in us to will and do of His own good pleasure? What has been, and is, was to be. We returned just at nightfall, all coming in together; for they had joined us before we had reached the grounds; and when we had dismounted Carroll and Harold went around to the stable, Agnes went up to her room, and I sat down in my habit at the piano, my heart so full of its pent-up torture that I had to sing. I am sure that I sang then as I never sang before—as I never have since. I almost forgot my misery as I sang song after song that came to me without any conscious selection of my own. I had just finished that exquisite morceau from 'Robert le Diable,' 'Robert toi que j'aime,' when I felt a presence beside me. I had heard no sound, no footfall, for there was no matting on the parlor floor, as on the others, but a carpet of soft wool. I knew, as a clairvoyant knows, who it was that stood close by me—so close that presently I heard the breath come and go. My fingers trembled over the keys; my firm elastic touch had gone; my song ended in a wail, and angry with myself that it was so, I pressed both my hands over my face and burst into tears. He crossed the room, closed the door, and returning, stood again at my side. 'Mildred! let me see your face; look at me. Why do you persist in avoiding me now that we both know what we are to each other? You shall listen to me, if you will not look at me,' he said, holding me down on my seat by both hands pressed on my shoulders, for I had started to fly from the room. To fly from him! I tell you Agatha from the moment that his hands touched me I lost all my strength again. I could not move. I daresay you do not believe in animal magnetism, but I do. When he found that I offered no farther resistance, he dropped upon one knee, and passed his arm around my waist. I made no resistance, nor should I if he had taken out a knife to kill me, as he had threatened to do. He continued, 'If I try to keep my love for you shut up in my heart any longer, it will eat its way through. You must listen to me. What an awful mistake we have both made! Tell me that you forgive the cold heartlessness which made me follow judgment instead of passion!' I did not answer; my heart felt as if it were floating in a sea of flame, and I breathed as if the flames were stifling me at first; then I grew quite calm in an inexplicable sense of happiness that came over me, and I wished that I might die then and there, before it passed, as I knew it would when he should take his hands away. Agatha, I am talking to you as if I were talking to my own soul, for I have had all these memories to bear so long alone, that I really think I will lose my reason if I try to keep them to myself any longer."

Agatha pressed Mildred's hand which she was still holding, but she did not speak. These were strange revelations for one whose life had been so void of passionate love as Agatha's had been. Mildred continued, "'What a heaven have I shut myself out from!' he said; his face so near to mine that I felt his breath on my cheeks. 'Why did you lead me to think that you loved another, when now I know so well that you have never loved any man but me? How have I watched every look that you gave your husband; how have I listened to every inflection of your voice in speaking to him! A sister might give the same. Had it been otherwise, I believe, in my insane jealousy, I would have stabbed you both. But I remembered how different were the glances and the tones that had made my pulses thrill, and my veins run with fire. Mildred! did God ever mean to make two of His creatures drag out such lives of misery as ours would be if spent apart from each other? Must the laws of men separate us for ever? or will you give up the world for me, who would give up heaven for you, and go with me to some foreign land where we can be to each other all that our hearts claim? If we stay here, we shall daily have to face tortures that will make us pray for death.' I heard him to the end, and with one of those sudden revulsions of feeling which sometimes we read of, but which seem unnatural and improbable, I felt all my composure returning, while my heart seemed frozen within me by his base proposal. I shook myself free from him and said, 'As I prayed for death, when I heard you offer yourself to Agnes, Carroll Tracey showed me the compassion which your less generous nature withheld; for fancying he had occasioned my misery he offered me his hand, and I accepted it; but not to wrong him as you would now tempt me to do. I have loved you as passionately as ever a man was loved; but your unworthiness, as it stands revealed to me now, has accomplished what nothing else could ever have done. I loved you no longer. I pity the cold, calculating nature which kept you from declaring yourself to me, when the happiness of both our lives hung upon that declaration; and I pity still more the poor wife whom you would have sacrificed had I been as ready to forget my duties as you have been to forget yours.' This is as near as it is possible to repeat what passed between us after so long a time, though I have lived over it so often in memory that the scene is to me almost as if it were a thing of the present. I walked from the piano straight out of the room to my chamber. Carroll was there. The two had come in together, and Harold had seen him go up, before coming in to insult me with his diabolical proposition. For the first time in my life I went to my husband, and embraced him, feeling as though I was more worthy of his noble nature than I had ever been before, and that, with God's help, I would be still more so. He held me very tenderly to his heart, and kissed me on my lips, again and again. It was the last time he ever kissed me. Since that night we have lived apart, and only in name have we been husband and wife, for there was a dreadful *denouement*. When the tea was announced Agnes was nowhere to be found. We called her, searched the grounds for her; but all in vain, until at last I drew aside the curtains of the oriel window, and there she lay, across a divan, with her head down, to all appearance dead. We sent for the

physician, who arrived before our simple remedies had been of any use in bringing her back to consciousness. She became conscious only to rave fearfully of all she had seen and overheard that had passed between her husband and myself. Unfortunately for me she had fallen into her swoon before hearing my answer, and of course, she regarded me as the author of all her trouble. From this attack of brain-fever, she recovered, only to be an invalid for the rest of her days, and now, God has most mercifully taken her, where I wish I could follow." Mildred locked her hands together as she spoke, her dry eyes, and the rigidly set muscles of her mouth but too plainly speaking to Agatha of the dull despair in her heart.

"Was Harold Graham so little of a man that he did not come forward and tell the truth?" asked Agatha.

"Oh no, he took everything upon himself—said that he only was to blame. I never knew how much or how little my husband believed, for he never spoke to me upon the subject, excepting once. Then he asked me if I had loved Harold when I married him, and of course I told him the truth. That time I offered no explanations, for I did not wish to accuse Harold, who had so generously exonerated me; besides, I knew that in my heart I had been untrue to my husband, and I felt too much remorse to attempt to justify myself. Now it is different: I have never for one instant since that time been untrue to him in word or thought, and I did try to justify myself; but he did not believe what I told him, and even you, Agatha, did not give entire credence to my statement. I saw it in your eyes."

"How can you say so, Mildred? You do me great injustice. Perhaps at first I did not quite comprehend how Paul Howard could have held you in his arms if you had made resistance; but I do now, and no one could doubt you, least of all your husband, who must see how true you have been to him through these long years in which you have suffered so fearfully through the reckless folly of your girlhood. Now do let me persuade you to go to bed, and to-morrow morning when Mr. Tracy comes, all will be made right, I feel sure of it. If you are already so much dearer to me because of what you have told me, think how much more he will love you when he knows all." Mildred threw back her head defiantly, saying, "It is too late. He said words to me last night that I can never forget. It takes a great deal of love to close such wounds as his words made; and you must not forget that we have never professed to love each other. Besides, he gave me such a glimpse of his own sufferings, from our want of congeniality, that I am fully as anxious now to set him free as he is to be so."

"But Mildred, you said yourself that you could love a dog even, so thirsty was your heart for love."

"I did not say I could love a dog that did not love me, and Carroll has never loved me; any tenderness he has shown me has been from pity, not from love. I have but one thing to live for, and that is to help him to be free as soon as possible. My death would be the best way, but people as wretched as I am never die until they have reached the age of Methuselah."

"No divorce would make him free to marry again," said Agatha. "Our Saviour acknowledges but one lawful reason for divorce, and that does not exist between you."

"I do not understand," replied Mildred.

"Why, although you may not have been true to each other in the spirit of the law, if you have in the letter, you cannot be divorced, so that either of you can marry again," continued Agatha, "according to my idea of divorce, which is the Scripture one, I am sure. I would never marry a man so divorced, and I am sure you would not think of marrying again, even if you were separated from your husband. If we were at liberty to say which of our Saviour's teachings we will call truth, and which error, we are no followers of His. But Mildred, it is after midnight, and you must go to bed."

There was no sleep for either that night. Agatha thought over all that Mildred had told her. Never before had she heard of such experiences in real life, and never before had she felt so much charity for the erring. When morning came, Mildred found herself unable to lift her head from her pillow, for the throbbing headache that had attacked her, almost blinding her with severe neuralgic pain. She begged to have all light shut out from the room, and to be left alone.

When Mr. Tracey came to take her to the train, Agatha met him, and told him how impossible it would be for Mildred to travel, asking his consent that she might stay with her for the two weeks that she was to remain in Newport. Mr. Tracey was quite willing, and it was so arranged.

CHAPTER XI.

MILDRED'S LAST INTERVIEW WITH PAUL HOWARD.

Whoever would explore the heights and depths of existence, drawing thence the manifold emotions when it is the author's task to embody, must be allowed a certain freedom inconsistent with conventional rules. —*Hulda.*

Mildred was in bed for several days, and for several more she did not go down stairs. Agatha had many long conversations with her; and each day that passed made them dearer to each other. Mr. Tracey wrote that he had put everything under way for the divorce as privately as possible, and would avoid all unnecessary publicity. At length the day was fixed for their return to New York, and Agatha went out to pay her last calls upon those of her acquaintances who were to remain in Newport all winter. Mildred was in the music-room, when Paul Howard entered without being announced. His face showed traces of the strong excitement that he was endeavoring to control and keep under. His free manners and rollicking ways were entirely laid aside, and approaching Mildred with the greatest deference he said:

"I am fortunate in finding you alone."

Mildred did not speak. Save that she breathed heavier, and that a flush crept over her face, only to leave it paler than before, there was no sign that she ever knew of his presence; for although she had raised her eyes upon his entrance, they had fallen again as soon as she had recognised him.

"How anxious I have been about you!" he continued; "I had to go to New York last week, and I only returned yesterday. I came at once to see you, but was refused. Just now I saw Miss Lee's coupe turning on to the avenue, and I made another attempt, in which chance has favored me. Have you not one word of welcome for me?"

"I have no words of welcome for anyone, certainly not for you," she answered.

"Mildred! Mildred! every word that you say in these freezing tones goes through my heart like a steel. What is my sin? Loving you more than ever a woman was loved in this world, that is my offence!"

"An offence, which, as the wife of another, I never can, and never will forgive," she replied, raising her eyes, and meeting the smouldering glow of passion in his.

"The unloved, unhappy wife of another," he said with emphasis.

"Who dares say I am not a happy wife?" she asked.

"The world," he answered.

"Go and tell the world that my husband is a king among men, and that it is happiness enough for me to be his wife, even if I am an unloved one."

"You are not speaking the truth. If you had been a happy wife, do you fancy that I would have followed you as I have from place to place since I left the army? You are not happy, nor can you ever know what love is, as the wife of a man who doles out to you a cold affection, such as the followers of Plato might enjoy, but not you, Mildred! Heavens, how happy I should be with you!"

"How miserable you have made me," she said. "Have you no apology to offer? Do you feel no regret for what you have done?"

"Regret? no; what I did I would do over again if I had the opportunity."

"Have you no fear of God, none of a hereafter?" she asked.

"There can be no worse hell than it is to me to know that you belong to another. If you were like like other women whom I have loved, you——"

"Other women whom you have loved!" repeated Mildred. "Pray tell me how many scores of women you have loved."

"More than I can count; but you, you have been, and are, the passion of my life. Had you not told me that if I ever made you untrue even in thought to your husband you would take your own life, I would not have spared you as I have."

"You, spared me!" exclaimed Mildred, shaking off his hand which he had laid on her shoulder. "Do you know what you are saying? Good God! what have I ever done that you should dare to say such words to me, that you should hold me in such light respect?"

"I do not respect the angels in heaven more than I do you. Loves makes me bold, and my knowledge that you do love me although you try to hide it from me. Hopeless love makes me desperate."

"If you know that I love you in return with that kind of love which you offer me, why do you call your love hopeless? That should satisfy you, and keep you from desperation."

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

LIFE'S LAST LOVE.

BY MRS. MOLLIE MITCHELL.

In a valley low between the hills,
Where met and mingled the forest rills,
A farmer toiled in his plodding way
From morning's dawn till twilight gray.
With little rest from the summer's heat,
And never a word that made life sweet.
'Twas vain for him that Heaven spread
Her tracories matchless overhead.
Unheard was the quavering note of song
Which floated the wooded aisles along,
Dead to the spell of beauty's glance,
The farmer had lived his brief romance:
His boyish love was ne'er returned—
The heart he tendered coldly spurned;
And he, when grown to manhood's might,
Vowed naught but riches could bring delight.
But weary's the pathway trod alone,
And cheerless the home to love unknown.
He learned, as the bloom of life grew sere,
That love hath a voice for age's ear.
The farmer wed, and darlings three
Cooed baby music about his knee;
Each brought its tribute of infant mirth
To banish gloom from the old man's hearth;
While he, as years in contentment rolled,
Found loving hearts were the purest gold.

GRACE SOMERS.

BY MAUDE MONROE.

"Bertie, will you take the carriage to the station to meet Grace Somers?"

"I should be most happy to oblige you, auntie, but you forget I have never seen the young lady."

"That matters very little," replied Mrs. Grandon; "you could not miss her in such a small station as Laurton. She is dark, I believe, but I have not seen her since she was four years old; she promised to grow up very plain-looking You must go, Bertie. Nora and Amy are down at the Vicarage, and I have no one else to send."

"In that case I suppose there is no help for it. At what hour is this plain young woman expected to arrive?"

"At 3.20. It is time for you to start, Bertie; it is quite a mile to the station."

Mr. Grandon was a thriving merchant in the town of Newville. When young he had married pretty Mary Poole, a country doctor's daughter. At this time she was a handsome woman of forty odd years. They had only two children, Nora and Amy.

Bertie, was Mr. Grandon's brother's son; his father and mother had both died when he was a child, and he had lived with his uncle's family ever since he could remember. He had been left well provided for, and was now, at the age of five-and-twenty, junoir partner in his uncle's business.

Now a word or two about the young lady they are expecting.

She is Mrs. Grandon's sister's child; also an orphan, and independent, if one calls working one's living independence.

Grace was governess in a young lady's school. Being her own sister's child, Mrs. Grandon had felt obliged, though reluctantly, to take some notice of her; consequently, twice before she had sent her a formal and rather cold invitation to spend a few weeks with them at Laurel Hall—an invitation which had been twice politely declined; the third time it was accepted, to the surprise, but by no means gratification, of Mrs. Grandon and her two daughters; and now Bertie is driving to the station to meet her, and arrives as the train is coming in.

Bertie walked past the cars, looking in each, and at length had the satisfaction of seeing a young lady step out of the last one. He went up to her and raised his hat.

"Have I the happiness of addressing Miss Somers?" said Bertie, politely.

The young lady bowed.

"Have you come to meet me?" she asked. "My box is in the van, shall I tell the porter to send it on?"

"Oh! no," said Bertie, "I will see about that; it can go in the trap. Will you come this way, please?"

Grace followed; the box was soon put in; then Bertie handed the young lady in, and jumped in beside her.

She certainly was not pretty, and it almost seemed as if she had purposely dressed herself to the greatest disadvantage.

The young lady did not seem at all disposed to make herself agreeable either, but gave the shortest replies civility permitted to his remarks; and when not spoken to was as mute as a mouse.

She seemed to regard the handsome Bertie with the most unsmiling indifference.

The drive was, however a short one; and he took the young lady at once to his aunt, wondering what she would think of her.

Grace evidently troubled herself very little about the matter, and when Mrs. Grandon came forward, gave her a formal kiss and bade her welcome, and Nora and Amy joined in hoping she would enjoy her visit, she merely said, still unsmiling; "Thank you; I have no doubt I shall," and then requested to be shown to her room.

"She is a most peculiar girl," said her aunt, one day, when Grace had been there about a month; "most peculiar I don't understand her in the least!"

Her husband looked up from his paper.

"She's an uncommonly handsome one," he observed.

"Handsome! Oh! papa, what are you thinking of? Why the first day she came I thought I had never seen a plainer-looking girl in my life!" said pretty Amy.

"Well, I don't know," said Mr. Grandon, with a puzzled look; "she gives that impression, anyhow."

"I don't know whether she's handsome or ugly, but I think she's splendid!" said beautiful Nora, enthusiastically. "But I'm rather afraid of her," she added, with a faint sigh.

"And I—I love her more than any one in the world, and she wouldn't care if I died to-morrow!" said Bertie, bitterly.

This speech, however, was not proclaimed aloud.

About a week after this conversation Grace was in her room, looking over her wardrobe. There was to be a grand party at Newville, given by the Mayor, and the Grandons were invited. Grace was, therefore, selecting her dress. The choice was soon made, being "Hobson's, but it was the opinion of all that she was a most striking looking woman.

She was in high spirits when they entered the ball-room. She knew she looked well. She had perfect confidence in herself. That night she exerted herself to the utmost to please, and the rare, bright smile, that gave such a wonderful charm to her pale face, was lavished freely on all.

Her aunt was astonished at her triumphs.

Bertie watched her with jealous misery, and told his heavy heart over and over again that she was a heartless flirt. But it was no use, she had bound him in chains that could not be broken.

"Do you sing, Miss Somers?" asked the handsome young solicitor, Mr. Bentley, when a shrill-voiced young lady who had been singing had ceased.

"Sometimes," said Grace, smiling.

"Do sing, Grace," said Nora, who was sitting near; and "Oh! do," joined in a chorus of voices; and the young lawyer led Grace to the piano.

"What shall I sing? This?" and she struck the opening bars of

"One morning, oh! so early,
My beloved, my beloved!
The birds were singing blithely
As if never they would cease."

And then, in a low, clear voice, began to sing, rising and swelling as she went on. Her singing was her great gift, and before the song was half over her audience was listening spell-bound; and when she came to the words

"Not for fame and not for glory,
But for all one life's dear story,
Give us love, oh! give us love!"

the thrilling voice rang out with a despairing, passionate wail that went to the hearts of all who heard it, and Grace, glancing up, caught Bertie's eyes fixed upon her with a look of such passionate, longing love, that her own fell instantly on the music again.

Bertie's heart beat high with hope, and he told himself exultingly he had won her—he had won her—her eyes had confessed it.

It was astonishing what a strong hold this strange girl had obtained over careless, high-spirited Bertie. He went down to the breakfast-parlor next morning, feeling wretched in the extreme.

Grace was there alone, standing in the bay-window, looking out into the garden. She wore the same ugly, slate-colored dress she had worn the first day of her arrival.

"Grace," said he, bluntly, "will you be my wife? Stay; don't answer me yet, listen. I love you more than I ever thought it possible I could love anyone; if you refuse me you will make my whole life wretched. Now give me my answer quickly."

He was white with anxiety, and his lips trembled, otherwise he was perfectly calm.

Grace looked up, and she was quite satisfied; his calm demeanor did not deceive her one jot. She knew well how strong a hold she had obtained over him, and she looked up at him, blushing and shy, yet half-amused, and said archly:

"So I have won you, Bertie?"

He looked at her gravely and wonderingly.

"Yes, Bertie," said she, answering his look, "I have a confession to make. Do you remember two years ago, when there was a fire at Maldon House, and the people were rushing about in all directions, and did not know what to do, and the fire-engines were so long in coming, and you were there Bertie?—I don't know what brought you there, I never did. Well, at last, when they thought everybody was saved, do you remember of having seeing a girl at one of the burning windows, stretching out her arms and calling for help, and nobody dare venture; it looked every moment as if the roof must fall; and you rushed forward and flew up the ladder, snatched the girl in your arms, and descended with her in safety, scarcely a moment before the roof fell in; and then, without even a glance at the being you had saved from death, you hurried away, no one knew whither. Do you remember, Bertie?" Grace was trembling with excitement and suppressed feeling. "Do you remember, Bertie?"

"Yes, I remember," said Bertie, slowly, wondering what was coming next.

"That girl whom you saved from a cruel death was Grace Somers. I gazed but for a few moments on the brave, handsome face of my preserver, but I never forgot it—never," said Grace, with deep feeling; "and when I found out your name and where you lived, I made a resolve, and the next time my Aunt Grandon sent me an invitation to Laurel Hall, I accepted it gladly, and for this reason—I determined to do my utmost to win the love of my hero, Bertie Grandon, and I have succeeded. Was I wrong? Are you angry, Bertie?"

Grace sat down after this long story, and burst into passionate tears.

This roused Bertie from his stupefied amazement. He sprang forward and caught the sobbing girl in his arms.

"My love! my darling! Can it be possible it was you I saved on that dreadful night? And to think I never once looked on the face that is so precious to me now!

"And you love me still; you are not angry?" said Grace, anxiously.

"Angry, my darling! How could I be angry with you? Besides," said Bertie, roguishly, "have you not soothed my wounded pride at being so completely taken in, by owning that you loved me first?"

"Yes," said Grace. "I did; but my hero proved himself worthy before I gave it."

And so by-and-by there was a pretty wedding; Nora and Amy, and two other cousins, were the bridesmaids; and Nora had her wish, for Grace did not leave them, but she and Bertie lived in a pretty house not half a mile from Laurel Hall; and after a while Nora married Mr. Bentley, the handsome young solicitor, and came to live in another pretty house close by Grace's; and, as the children's story-books say, "they lived happy ever after."

COCK ROBIN.

Many a man is a martyr without knowing it, and is the happier for his small martyrdom.

Take Tom Wyott. Not much like a martyr, Tom. Cheery of countenance, bright of eye, and smiling freely, with a ready word and a friendly hand at any moment.

Yet a martyr. At nineteen he had taken pity upon a poor weakling of a girl, who ought never to have married. Tom had never thought of her or marriage at the time.

"She is just dying of love for you," said his landlady, who was ill-interested certainly, for Tom was a good lodger, and the longer he remained single the better it was for Mrs. B.

"Dying in love o' me!" said Tom. "Poor thing! Well, that's bad anyhow; and she isn't every man's choice, is she, Mrs. B.?"

"No, not she," said Mrs. B. "A poor thing, and that's the truth!"

This mere tripe-dresser—for that was his calling—had no idea that it was presumption on the part of the sickly flower-maker to fall in love with him, and he never dreamed of injuring her.

At little more than nineteen years of age he took pity upon Charity Scare, and married the girl. She was simply a disagreeable lass by birth and by predilection, and a chronic state of wretched invalidism made her neither fit for a wife nor a companion. Tom was a great stroke of luck for her, but she complained within a week of marriage that she had been disappointed. Wyott was not what she expected. He had his failings. She really thought she was in love with him. But she had just simply been enamoured of herself. She thought what a capital, hard-working husband he would make—made to look after a wife; and thinking herself fit mate for a king—for your selfish people are never modest—she manoeuvered to marry him.

She quarrelled with Mrs. B., who had brought about the match, within a week of the ceremony.

Jack, Tom's friend, said of her that she was "a fair scorcher!"—meaning, probably, thereby, that she was an unmitigated nuisance.

Three months after they were married, Tom came home exultant, and said, "Charry, the poor old governor only had an old cousin, and he's taken a fancy to me, an' given me the business, and all the plant; and here I am, my own master; and this week I shall make three pound t'stead o' nineteen shillings."

Tom's drunken employer had died of a surfeit of rum four days previously, and Tom had literally stepped into his boots, for he wore the top ones, the pride of his late master, and the gift, also, of the cousin referred to. But Charity Scare was not to be surprised into cheerfulness or content.

"Three pounds!—yes, for a week or two, and then nothing at all; for, of course, some of the others 'ull steal the business. You'd much better look out for another situation!"

She never called him by either of his names.

"I'll look out for that when the business fails," said he.

It never failed for seven years, anyhow, and now when we beg to introduce Tom to the reader. But Charity had never ceased to complain—especially of her husband; he was always in the wrong. He never had an idea that he was a martyr—in a small way, really, he was.

Seven years, and Tom was twenty-six, and, if you will believe the veracious chronicler, the father of six children. Of these four had arrived two at a time. They were all sickly children; but Totty, the eldest, and then six, showed some signs of activity, and of having her father's temper.

Tom was happy-go-lucky, or he never would have borne with his wife. "Enough for the day!" was his motto, and he earned sufficient.

At the great Cattle Market they begin business early enough in the day, and upon one particular snowy morning, Tom, intent upon buying the articles which formed the staple of his commerce, stumbled over Cock Robin.

Cock Robin was a poor little bird coiled up in a corner, and as near dead as could well be.

Tom called a constable, who turned his lantern upon him, and the two saw a big-eyed, dark-skinned, white-toothed boy of about seven.

"And who are you, young Cock Robin?" asked Tom.

"Yoel," said the child.

A sweet and exquisite voice.

"Where's the father and mother?"

"Yoel," repeated the child.

It was all he said until he learnt to speak English.

Gipsy, this shivering bit of mortality, beyond all question.

Where did he come from? How did he reach England? Whose was he?

Questions never answered as far as Tom was concerned.

Very poor clothing, too, and of a strange character. But the boy was elegantly formed.

There was a crowd by this time, and the child was asked a hundred questions.

All he said was "Yoel."

He did not cry, or sob, or flinch. He only shivered, and said "Yoel," in a sweet and beautiful voice.

"I'll take him along to the station," said the officer, "and they'll pass him on to the work'us."

"No, no," says Tom; "chuck 'im in the cart. I'll run him in amongst the others. One more in a lot like mine won't much matter."

Of course Charry revolted when Cock Robin was brought home. But she was never pleased, and a week afterwards, when she found the strange foreign gipsy child about ten times handier than the house girl, she admitted that she thought she could bear him on one condition—he must never touch a knife.

She held that if once he held that weapon, her life was not worth a moment's purchase. It was not worth more. Up to ten years of age, Cock Robin never touched blade in her presence, and by that time he was as English in tongue as his adopted father, whom he called padre. Nothing would shake the boy's determination as to that term; so he came to be called Padre—Yoel Padre. And that was how he came by his name. Tom was then near upon thirty, and his troubles began. His sickly children seemed to drop off rapidly. They were then nine. In three years time, and when Cock Robin was thirteen, only Charry and two children remained alive. She was then a confined incurable, without the use of her hands.

Totty, her first born, was then twelve years of age, and quite a little woman.

Tom and Yoel were each other's compensation. They were glad to get away from the fractious house. Never a word had Tom said against his wife to the boy.

But they looked at each other frequently, then dropped their eyes.

Two years more, and Tom would have been alone in the world but for the gipsy waif he had picked up in the market.

Charity had complained her last, and never discovered to the end that she had been a fortunate woman so far as her husband was concerned. She saw the last of her children buried, and then ended her quarrel with life.

Tom was then between thirty three and thirty-four. Still a young man, comparatively.

It was about three months after Charity's death that Tom noticed the awful change in Cock Robin.

He knew he would never be the same again.

At last a neighbor said, "There's a sort o'gipsy girl, Wyott, hangs after your boy. She is always about, but she keeps out o' your way."

"Oh, that's it, is it?" said Tom. "I've heard," he thought, "as them gipsies are men a'most afore they was boys. He's in love with 'er, is Cock Robin!"

Tom sighed. Everything in life had turned against him. But not angry—no, not angry.

He never said anything to the boy—never to him.

Once he found the lad crying.

"Cheer up, Cock Robin!" he said.

He had not called him by the old name for many weeks.

The boy looked up, suddenly put his arms round his padre's neck, kissed him much after the fashion in which he had shown his early love the first day he saw him, and, with a strange cry, he ran from the poor yet hospitable home.

"He'll come back all right," said Tom.

Alas! Cock Robin never came back. Nature has been stronger than his gratitude. He had seen some of his kind, and he had fled to the Romanies with the gitana who had been seized with a passion of love for the unknown gipsy lad.

From that moment poor Tom took to drink. His big heart had lost all his love, and he was not educated, and—and pity him, if you will be good enough.

He went to the old public house for consolation.

He was turned out that night, for the first time in his life.

He lay down. It was a snowy night like that when he found Cock Robin.

"Come, up you get; or you'll be locked up!"

He heard, and did not care. He had no home to go to.

"Poor fellow—it's Tom Wyott!" said a harsh voice. "Ha! he did me a good turn once—when I was worth a good turn."

She thought he was senseless, so she ventured to kiss him.

The first since Cock Cobin fled.

He was saved.

What was she?

One of that class of women of whom some say the great fault robs of every grace of womanhood.

Well, well! Tom Wyott had sacrificed himself so thoroughly all his life, that he could not give up the practice.

She made him a gentle wife enough.

"You see," said Tom, "She know what the want of a home is. Charry—Heaven bless her!—never did."

"Ha!" said he who heard Tom's simple confession.

"I'm saving up, and then we're off to 'Straila. You see, sir, she will never be happy until she gets away from the old place."

"But you, Tom—you will be sorry to leave England?"

"Oh, me!" said Tom.

He never thought of himself.

RUSSIAN ARMY OFFICERS.—The life of the Russian officer, away from parades and the excitement of battles, is occupied chiefly by routine duty—tea-drinking, smoking, and card and billiard playing, proportionately in the order named. The duty seemed hard and tedious, but to some of us it would seem harder to drink five or six tumblers of tea three or four times a day. The servants do nothing but attend to the making of tea and their master's pipes all day. Every time the officer returns to his quarters tea must be prepared and the long-stemmed pipes ready to light, not only for himself, but for any number of guests he may bring with him. The tobacco used is always of Turkish brands, or at least sold as such. The Ukraine is a tobacco-producing province, but the leaf cannot be enjoyed by anybody besides the Ukraine people, with their horse-constitutions. It would be the height of imprudence for anybody with weak lungs to ride in a smoking-carriage in this region, even for half a day, for fear of suffocation, and a corpse exposed to the action of the smoke of Ukraine tobacco would be converted into a mummy in twenty-four hours.

CALCIMINE.—Calcimine is a mixture of glue-sizing and Paris white. The proportion is twenty pounds of the latter to one pound of glue, which should be dissolved in two or three quarts of boiling water, and the whiting should be placed in a pail, and the glue-size poured over it, and then diluted with warm water until about the thickness of thin cream. It needs a little practice to know just what thickness to make it, and it is well to try a little before thinning it out too much. Calcimine can only be applied to walls that have hard finish upon them.

News of Interest

Gail Hamilton is short and dignified.

Queen Mercedes left her husband $5,000.

Working girls in Brussels get 10 cents a day.

Chicago is to have a home for inebriate women.

Ice cream dealers say this is the best season for many a year.

Buddhism is the most widely extended religion on the earth.

Colonel Forney says a dissipated public man is a rarity in France.

It is said that there is not the usual promise of profit this season at Newport.

The silver wedding of the King and Queen of Belgium is to be celebrated August 22.

A red cap, silver chain around the waist and bracelets, form a Hindoo baby's costume.

Pliny and others relate that Antilius, a Roman General, killed a serpent 120 feet long, near Utica.

John Tenniel, the famous English artist of the pencil, is a self-taught draughtsman. His age is fifty-eight

A crusade has been inaugurated upon Wilmington barbers who accommodate their customers on Sunday.

The famine in China is pressing upon 15,000,000 of people, while 30,000,000 are suffering more or less distress.

The only daughter of the late William M. Tweed is said to be living in New Orleans in reduced circumstances.

It is complained that the St. John (N. B.) herrings are dipped in a solution of arsenic to make them look brighter.

Migrating birds go in a direct line from north to south, and never take their course from east to west, or west to east.

America has sent over 400 missionaries to Turkey, and spent $5,000,000 in efforts to convert the Turks to Christianity.

Elder Orson Pratt, of Salt Lake City, says the earth will soon be destroyed by fire according to Scriptural prediction.

The French Government will not allow any Workingmen's Congress to assemble at Paris during the period of the Exhibition.

Miss Neilson, who is now in London, is suffering from the heart disease, which may compel her retirement from the stage.

In Great Britain eight persons own more than 220,000 acres of land each, and forty-one persons own more than 100,000 acres each.

A man is taller in the morning than he is at night to the extent of half an inch, or more, owing to the relaxation of the cartilages.

Potato beetles are blown out upon Lake Pontoosuc, Massachusetts, and eaten by perch and bullheads, which are dying in great numbers.

Beer and music will not mix in Boston, where all attempts to establish such gardens as are fashionable in most other cities have failed.

Baltimore dog-catchers feed unmuzzled canines poisoned sausages, and a child narrowly escaped death by attempting to eat one of them.

Those two peculiarly English coins, the groat and the crown, are no longer issued. The coinage of crowns ceased in 1851; that of groats in 1856.

Virginia has established the whipping-post, and in future stripes are to be inflicted upon persons convicted for the first time of petty larceny.

The clergy of Oxfordshire, England, are trying to induce farmers not to give laborers intoxicating drinks during hay and harvest time.

The grain used for liquors in a year in the United States reaches 70,000,000 bushels, which would make 1,050,000,000 four-pound loaves of bread.

A Stradivarius violin, date 1704, was lately sold in London for $4200. Seventy years ago it was bought by a violin-maker for a sovereign.

Berlin physicians protest against the use of the present baby carriage, in which the little ones sit facing the nurse and are pushed backward.

A Montana infant used seven hundred dollars of her father's greenbacks to make a head-dress for a doll, clipping off the corners to make a good fit.

Cheap beer has triumphed in Cincinnati. The brewers have withdrawn their opposition to glasses for three cents and "schooners" for five.

Aaron B. Hayes, of Utica, is probably the oldest bank cashier in point of service in America, he having acted in that capacity for forty eight years.

Queen Victoria sent a wreath of snow-white flowers to be laid on Earl Russel's tomb, with the inscription, "A mark of regard from Queen Victoria."

Another steamer has been built to prevent sea-sickness in crossing the English channel. She is modeled after the Castalia, which consists of two vessels placed side by side.

Lord Rosebery has been making a speech in favor of opening the picture galleries and museums on Sundays, in which he describes the British Sunday as "vacuity, varied with drink."

Extreme cold produces the same perception on the skin as great heat. When mercury is frozen at forty degrees below zero, the sensation is the same as that of touching red hot iron.

In London, from 1838 to 1852, the average annual death rate from small-pox was five hundred and forty per million. In the twenty-five years of compulsory vaccination (1853-77) it declined to 344.

The largest of the pyramids is 481 feet high, and 693 feet on the sides; its base covers eleven acres. The stones are above 30 feet in length, and the layers are 208; 360,000 men were employed in its erection.

Dr. Erasmus Darwin said that the works of Homer are supposed to have done great injury to mankind by inspiring them with a love of military glory. Alexander was said to sleep with them always under his pillow.

Henri Rochefort has his plans for settling Socialism, which, however, he fears the Congress of Berlin, will not adopt; it is a law in one section, as follows: "Hereafter all the poor shall have an income of 10,000 francs a year."

An Esquimaux boy, supplied by Captain Parry, ate in one day 10 1-4 pounds of solid food, and drank, of various liquids, 1 1-2 gallons. A man of the same nation ate 10 pounds of solids, including two candles, and drank 1 1-2 gallons, yet they were only from four to four and a half feet high.

Professor Knowlton, of San Francisco, spells potato, "Ghoughphtheighteese," according to the following rule: "Gh stands for p, as you'll find from the last letters in hiccough. Ough stands for o, as in dough. Phth stands for t, as in phthisic. Eigh stands for a, as in neighbor. Tte stands for t, as in gazette, and eau stands for o, as in beau."

The late William Dixon, of Vicksburg, Miss., was a philosopher. The day before he was—before they—in fine, the day before his death, he caught three mice, erected a miniature scaffold in his cell, and worked them off. The result of the experiment satisfied him that death by hanging is painless, and next day he walked to the gallows like one sustained by an unfaltering trust.

Banish Them to the Limbo

of things lost on earth. Banish what? Why, the poisonous metallic enamels, the astringent washes, and the corrugating fluids that attempt to compete with that popular beautifier and preservative of the complexion, LAIRD'S BLOOM OF YOUTH, which analysis has proven to be harmless, and experience has shown to be perfectly reliable. Freshness, ruddiness and mirth adorn the face to which it is applied. Use it, ladies, it will double your attractions.

SONG.

BY B. V.

I asked the winds as they softly sighed
Through summer glade in the hair noontide:

"Is there a flower that will not die?
A bird in last year's nest?
A sun that shines, and ne'er declines?
Or one heart full of rest?"

The answering winds swept by, and wailed,
Their voices full of pain:
"No birds will stay—flowers fade away—
And suns must wane—must wane.

"And every heart in sorrow bow,
And woman's eye must weep;
And o'er each head white snows be spread
That death in rest shall keep."

A moan was all, but I understood,
And wondered if life held aught of good.

Again I asked, "And what of Love?
Is Love like unto these?"
But a glorious song seemed borne along
Upon the summer breeze.

The lingering winds swept on—swept on—
As if that song they knew;
And far away they have borne to-day
Its wordless message true.

And I will wait till they bring again,
In deep, full meaning sigh,
The answer best that shall give me rest—
And Love shall never die.

ERCELDEAN.

—OR—

The Price of a Heart.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "FROM GLOOM TO SUNLIGHT," &C.

CHAPTER XXX.—[CONTINUED.]

The letter began:

"My Dear Miss Lennox—You are always so frankly kind to me that I am unable to apologise as I should for troubling you with a letter. I cannot leave England without thanking you for all the pleasant hours we have spent together, for all your kindness to me, and for your patience. I fear that my poetry and my queer fancies may have wearied you at times. I am leaving for Athens to-morrow, and regret that I shall not have the pleasure of seeing you before I go. I shall hope for your good wishes on my journey; you have mine."

So far it was all very sensible—Beltran had exhibited more than usual self-control; although he was seldom deficient in that trying virtue; but the next line almost spoiled all. It said—

"Alas for the poor moth that singes its wings by drawing too near to the flame! I hope, when I return to England, to find you as well and happy as I leave you. Pray give a thought sometimes to your true friend, "BELTRAN CAREW."

Beatrix's face grew deadly pale as she read; her hands trembled, a dark mist came before her eyes. She sat quite motionless, like one who by a sudden thrust has received a death-wound. The minutes became hours, and she still sat there, numbed, paralysed by the sudden blow.

Then she roused herself. Why should she feel it so keenly? Why should it make the world so terribly, so suddenly, dark to her? Beltran Carew had gone away; there would be a void in a very pleasant circle; she should miss a most pleasant companion—that was all. What did the terrible pain mean that was searing her heart and brain as with red-hot iron? Why had she been sitting there stunned and silent? Why did she suffer such horrible pain?

The dressing-bell was ringing. She rose from her seat—the strength seemed to have gone from her limbs. She trembled, and the room seemed to whirl round her. Then her maid entered with a message from her mother, and the girl looked half frightened at the ghastly face of her young mistress.

"You look very ill, Miss Lennox," she said quietly. "Can I get you anything?"

"Do I look ill?" asked Beatrix. "Why should I? I am quite well."

She went to her mirror, still with the same dazed sense and feeling. She looked into the glass and almost failed to recognise herself. The face at which she gazed was ghastly white, the lips were pale and trembling.

"I do look ill," she said slowly; "but I am quite well—I have no pain. I will dress now, Lisette;" and the maid did not venture to make any further remark.

There was nothing wrong with her—only Beltran Carew was gone away, and Beatrix did not know whether she should ever see his face again! The world was all darkened, life was all changed; the new well-spring of happiness had dried up, the light was gone from everything.

As she sat so silent and still while the diamonds were fastened in her hair and the rich folds of lace secured by diamond buttons, a sudden sense of the weariness of everything fell over her. She was tired; life had lost its attraction.

Beatrix, however, retained her usual composure. She fulfilled all her duties, and talked to her mother and uncle during dinner, yet all the time she had a strange sensation as though some one were lying dead somewhere, and she had to conceal the fact—a strange, dazed, bewildered feeling, as though between her heart and herself there was a secret that even she did not clearly understand.

She went to Mrs. Carden's ball, where the Duke of Heathland impatiently awaited her, and she wondered at her own sensations. Could it be possible that she had ever cared for dancing, for music, for sweet odors and bright lights? How weary, stale, and unprofitable it all seemed! She could not believe that such things had ever amused her. She would have given anything to rid herself of the dazed, bewildered feeling that distracted her, but it seemed to deepen as the night went on.

She was so unusually silent that the Duke began to hope; matters augured well for him, he thought. She listened to him quietly, she did not interrupt him when he paid her most elaborate compliments, she was neither impatient nor inclined to laugh. She was in that quiescent state in which he had often wished to find her, but had never succeeded before. He little dreamed that she scarcely heard a word that he addressed to her—that she was dazed with the sudden pain of a blow he could not even understand.

While he was talking to Beatrix, Mrs. Carden came up to them.

"I deserve your congratulations," she said. "I sent out a hundred and fifty invitations, and have received only two refusals."

"From whom were they?" asked the Duke half-curiously.

"One was from Madame d'Erace," she replied, "the other from a great favorite of mine—Mr. Carew. He has gone to Athens. It is a strange idea, is it not?"

Neither of them saw, the shudder that passed over Beatrix. She stood so calm and still, with the light falling on her flashing diamonds.

"Gone to Athens," repeated the Duke in a tone of great relief. "I am surprised to hear it. What does a young barrister want at Athens?"

"It took us all by surprise," said Mrs. Carden; "and we shall miss him very much."

She passed on, while the Duke thought to himself how needlessly jealous he had been, supposing, of course, that the foolish young man had made an offer to the great heiress and been refused.

"Did you know of this journey of Mr. Carew's, Miss Lennox?" he asked.

"No, I have not heard it mentioned," she replied; and he did not notice that the tone was weary and that the words came slowly.

"I was foolish to be jealous," thought the Duke. "After all, if he did admire her and forgot himself, it was not to be wondered at, for there is no one like her."

That night he went home a happy man. He knew that Beatrix did not love the Prince; Beltran Carew was gone; and she had listened to him—the Duke—with such meekness, so quietly, so kindly, that he felt sure he was making great progress.

"If I win my beautiful love," he said, "she shall never repent it. She shall be one of the happiest and most beloved wives ever seen. She shall never repent having cared for me."

CHAPTER XXXI.

It was settled at last. Beatrix had for some time seemed very unwell; she had grown pale, the lovely tints of the richly-coloured face had faded. Her mother had grown anxious about her. "The season is over now—why not return to Erceldean?" she said; and Peter Lennox, alarmed on account of his treasured darling, hastened their departure. Beatrix was anxious only about one thing, and that was to leave London without any scene with the Duke. He felt sure now of his ultimate triumph and believed that he was acting wisely in keeping silent. She was timid and coy; he thought he would leave her for a few months in peace. He would not even go to Erceldean after her. He would content himself by sending her some pretty reminder from time to time, and then, when they met in London during the following season, he should find her willing for the wedding to take place at once. He would not seek to bind her by any tie; she would appreciate his silent devotion all the more.

It so happened that a year before he had arranged to go to Norway with his cousin, the young Lord Rennington, and nothing could have been better. Perhaps at Christmas he—the Duke—might run down to Erceldean, and then in the spring—the welcome, beautiful spring—he should win his bride. He hated Miss Lennox now, and Beatrix had never liked him better than when he left her without any protestations, without trying to question her about anything. She could hardly realise her own good fortune.

She had forgotten the old proverb that still waters run deep. This silence of the Duke's was far more to be dreaded than noisy protestations.

* * * * * * *

"Thank Heaven we are at home once more!" cried Beatrix, as she stood with her mother on the lawn at Erceldean. "How sweet and fresh and fair everything is! And, oh, mamma, what a delightful reflection—no lovers, no never-ending annoyance upon the topic of love! If there is one word that tries me more than another, it is that. I am quite sure that people make love in London to fill up their spare time. There is so little real earnestness, so little real work; men cannot be quite idle, so they make love for pastime."

Lady Lennox smiled. She had ceased to argue with her daughter. She understood her ways and moods better.

Then there came a great peaceful calm. Peter Lennox would not have any visitors during the first few weeks; he said Beatrix needed rest, and rest she should have. A beautiful calm took the place of all the artificial enjoyments which had before seemed so bright. This calm, this rest in the very arms of nature, as it seemed, this repose, enabled Beatrix to do one thing—she had time to examine her thoughts, to look into her heart; and she woke to the discovery that she loved Beltran Carew—she, "Prince Charlie's" daughter, who had always held love and lovers in supreme scorn. She loved Beltran; she understood this at last. Whether she ever saw him again or not, whatever her future might be, she loved him.

This new and strange emotion that had brightened the world for her, this keen pain that had been like a wound to her, the wondrous delight she had found in Beltran's presence, the sorrow for his absence, the longing to see his face, to hear his voice—all this was love. She knew it at last.

"How blind and foolish I have been!" she thought. "I have drifted into the great deep sea I had resolved to shun."

It came home to her at last that, whether for weal or woe, for evil or good, she had given away her heart without knowing it. She stood aghast at the discovery. Full of sweet wonder and sweet shame, full of shy surprise and shy delight, she confessed to herself that she loved him.

"I own to myself," she said, "that I have learned something of love; but I love one of the noblest of men." And the fact that it was such a man that she had learned to care for, comforted her. She did not think of the future; she did not ask herself whether she should ever see Beltran Carew again or not. The knowledge of that one fact filled her life. She loved him. Her mother wondered at the new strange beauty that came to her face, her uncle wondered at her tranquil, dreamy manner, while she herself marvelled most of all.

In the autumn Lady Rayner came to see her. Lord Rayner had gone to Homburg, where, as he said in his agreeable manner, he could enjoy his life in comfort. He had refused to allow his wife to accompany him. She could visit her friends, he had said; he had had enough of pale faces and whining for one year—with which gentlemanly expression of feeling he had left her; and Lady Layner had written at once to Beatrix, who was delighted to see her friend when she arrived.

They spent some time very happily together. Lady Lennox asked her young visitor one morning if she had no letters to write, and her answer was, "No, there is no one who would care to receive them." Lady Lennox looked up with a slightly shocked expression of face. She never tolerated disrespect to husbands.

"You forget that Lord Rayner is absent, my dear," she said.

Lady Rayner's laugh was not pleasant to hear.

"Lord Rayner would not trouble himself to read one of my letters, Lady Lennox. He has told me that when he is away from home he does not wish to be reminded of me."

"He was jesting, my dear," said the gentle lady who had been so true a wife herself, "and you misunderstood, perhaps."

Lady Rayner smiled. She loved Lady Lennox none the less for her simple faith in the goodness of men.

That same morning she was sitting with Beatrix in the cool shade of Erceldean woods. She seemed very fair and fragile in her white dress and azure ribbons. Her blue eyes looked long and wistfully at the proud face of "Prince Charlie's" daughter.

"Beatrix," she said suddenly, "we are such friends now that I may speak. Tell me, have you ever wondered about my marriage?"

"Yes, a hundred times," replied Beatrix.

"Shall I tell you the history of it? Perhaps you will not love me so well when you have heard it; but I love you, and I shall feel more at my ease with you when I have told it. It may prove a warning to you also. This quiet hour in the shade of the woods, with the music of the wind in the trees, makes me think of it. I was so happy once, so very happy. I have loved and been loved—I have tasted the highest bliss. I should be content to live without love now. Once in my life—it seems so long since yet I am only twenty-five—I loved and was happy in my love. My father and mother are both of them worldly; they do not believe in love; they never use the word 'heart.' To be rich, to wear fine diamonds, to live in handsome houses, to drive in luxurious carriages, to have servants, to give great parties, to be spoken of in the Court Journals, to be quoted as an authority in fashion, to mix in the highest society, to receive a royal invitation—they consider such things the chief desire of life; they know no other. They have heard my husband rave at me, they have seen the marks of his fingers on my arms, they have seen me afraid to approach him; yet they persist in saying that I ought to be one of the happiest women in the world—he is so rich. I fled once to my mother and prayed her to let me return home again. She brought me back the next day and apologised for me. I have never complained to her since.

"My love—he lies buried now in far-off India, so I may speak of him as mine, my first love—he was a captain in the Hussars; his parents had a country-seat near ours, and we were all friends. I was just seventeen when he came home for a few months. Ah, Beatrix, it was such a pretty love-story, all romance, all poetry! We used to roam in woods the very counterpart of these. I loved him so well. I hope people do not often love each other as I loved him. We talked about the future that was to be happier than any future had ever been. We forgot all about the worldly aspect of the matter. He never asked whether I had any fortune—I never even thought whether he was a good match or not. I only know that we believed such marriages as ours was to be were made in heaven.

"There was no fear in either of our hearts when he went to ask my father's permission to marry me. What simple children we were! My father heard him, and replied to him in a perfect storm of anger. He was mad, blind, wicked to think of such a thing. With my beauty and my talents I was to marry well. He requested him to leave the house, forbade him to return or to see me, and insulted him so grossly that had he been any other than my father the result would have been different.

"I did see him, Trixie. I spent one half hour with him one moonlight night when my father was off his guard. My love sailed for India two days afterwards, and he died there. They say it was of fever—I know he was heart-broken. I lived, but I wanted to die. Then by night and by day they teased me, persuaded, threatened, coaxed, and flattered by turns, until I consented to marry Lord Rayner; and, Trixie, I have wished myself dead ever since.

"I was never what people call stout hearted," went on Lady Rayner faintly. "I stood out, and resisted while I could; but it was such daily, hourly torture—such hourly misery—that I thought in my folly nothing could be worse. I forgot that to every lower depth there is a lower still. I married Lord Rayner: there could be no lower depth than that—none. Trixie, I want my story to warn you. You are so beautiful, dear, and you will be so rich, they will expect you to marry well. The Duke of Heathland is one of the best matches in England; he loves you, and they will persuade you to marry him. Do not, unless you love him."

"I do not love him," said Beatrix.

"Then, if you value your happiness, do not marry him. I wonder that you do not love him. He is a high-bred gentleman and a nobleman. However, I think that I know the reason, Trixie; you have another lover—a gallant, high-minded man; and he has gone away, I am quite sure, because he is too noble to seek a great heiress for his wife. If you love him best, Trixie, marry him."

But "Prince Charlie's" proud daughter made no reply. It was true she had discovered her own secret; but not for the world would she have discussed it with another. Lady Rayner went on—

"I am very ignorant, but I have found out one thing—there is nothing in the world like love. People may call it nonsense. Some say that love stories are all nonsense. I say that they are the greatest wisdom—the written records of the strongest sentiment placed in the human heart. People say that marriages dictated by prudence are best. I do not say so. Marriage in its brightest, best aspect has many cares, and, if there be not a store of love to start with, it is all a sad mistake. That is my experience, Trixie. I wonder often how my life will end."

"Is it so very unhappy?" asked Beatrix.

"You can imagine nothing more miserable," declared Lady Rayner. "The temper of my husband alone would make an Inferno of any house, even had he no other fault. To live with one whom you can never respect or esteem is the greatest trial that a sensitive mind can have. How do you think my life will end, Beatrix?"

"More happily than it has begun, I hope," she replied earnestly.

Lady Rayner shook her head gravely.

"I fear not. Sometimes I think that in one of his violent fits my husband will kill me; at other times I fancy that my heart must break—that I cannot carry this weight of sorrow much longer."

Beatrix looked at the fair, wistful face.

"Heaven is very good," she said quietly. "I venture to say that there is some great happiness in store for you of which you do not dream. I am not ungrateful," she added hurriedly, "for all your interest in me; I shall remember what you have said."

Lady Rayner left them some few days afterwards, and then the autumn gave place to winter. It was happily spent at Erceldean. The poor were cared for, the tenants were all attended to. Beatrix made herself mistress of all matters pertaining to the management of the estate. New schools were planned and commenced; the tenants profited greatly by the presence of the millionnaire's household at Erceldean.

It was a severe winter, with plenty of snow and frost. Lady Lennox enjoyed the warmth and luxury of her old home; Peter Lennox enjoyed the comfort as he did all the other good things of this world; and Beatrix found leisure to dream. She was fully awake to the reality now, and the reality was—she loved Beltran Carew.

During all that winter she heard nothing of him; and the Duke, too, kept his resolution; he wrote at intervals, but he did not mention love or marriage. So the spring came round again, and new life appeared in the great spreading trees. Then began a new stir in the world of fashion. It was to be a brilliant season—every one was agreed as to that.

The limes were in blossom when Peter Lennox and the ladies of his household bade adieu to Erceldean and departed for town. There, as Beatrix soon found, a host of perplexities awaited her. She was dismayed at her own popularity, at the countless attentions lavished upon her; she was confused when she heard of the Lennox mantilla, when she found that one of the cleverest musicians of the day had dedicated his sweetest song to her, when she saw the Lennox waltz, when she found herself the most popular and courted belle in London. She did not know that during the winter she had been the chief subject of conversation in countless country houses—that her wealth and her beauty had been talked of until those who had not seen her during the last season were eager to see her during the coming one. In the preceding year it had seemed to her that she was at the very summit of popularity. She found now that there was a greater height.

One of the first visitors was the Duke of Heathland, who was becoming somewhat restless. He had been patient long enough, he said to himself, now Miss Lennox must listen to reason; and he planned that his wedding should be the crowning event of the season. He waited upon Peter Lennox first, at an hour when he knew the ladies would be from home, and he overwhelmed the millionnaire by the magnificence of his offers as to settlements. The settlements he offered to make upon Beatrix were princely in their generosity, and he won Peter Lennox's heart by his concluding speech.

"I know," he said, "how you have devoted yourself to your family. I understand the love you must have for the estate you have redeemed. I promise you to love it also. If Heaven should bless me with children, one of them shall be called Lennox, shall take the crest and the arms of Lennox, and shall add to what you have done for the honor of the name. I can make no promise that will please you more than that."

Peter Lennox was perfectly happy; this was what he had longed for. It seemed to him that the very desire of his heart was to be accomplished. The Duke opened his mind to him, and told him how he had waited purposely in almost perfect silence during the winter months in order to give his shy beautiful love time to collect her thoughts and ideas—how he had arranged, if she could be brought to consent, for the wedding to take place during the season, so that it might be one of the most magnificent ceremonies ever witnessed in London.

Mr. Lennox was delighted. "Nothing can be better," he said.

Then the Duke looked anxiously at him.

"Do you think Miss Lennox will consent?" he said.

"Why should you doubt it?" asked her uncle.

"I should have no doubt if she were like other girls," replied the Duke slowly, "but she is not. Her character is original, proud, noble. I know that if I had all the wealth of India it would not tempt her to marry me unless she cared for me; and when I have thought of all that I can give her, and then remember her beauty and her goodness, it seems to me so infinitely little."

"You are one of nature's noblemen," declared Peter Lennox in great delight.

"Tell me," said the Duke—"you have been in intimate communion with her all the winter—do you think she loves me? Have you heard her say anything? Can you judge?"

Peter Lennox looked up vacantly.

"Upon my word I do not know," he replied—"the whole sex are such a puzzle to me that I never know when they love or when they hate; but I should think that Beatrix loves you."

The Duke's face brightened.

"I know that I love her," he said. "I have no wish but to make her happy. With your permission, I will wait upon her in a week from to-day, and tell her that I have your sanction for our speedy marriage. Perhaps it will be better for me to speak to her first."

So it was arranged; but the stars were not propitious.

In the height of his happiness the Duke ordered a superb diamond necklace for his beautiful lady love; it was to be his present to her on their betrothal-day. A few days afterwards a paragraph appeared in the *Court Journal* to the effect that a marriage was on the *tapis* between his Grace the Duke of Heathland and Miss Lennox, the beautiful and accomplished niece of Peter Lennox, Esquire, of Erceldean. Fortunately Beatrix did not see it; if she had, she would have been more angry than she had ever yet been in her life.

On that evening there was a State ball, and Beatrix was going with the Duchess of Elmslie. Peter Lennox was greatly delighted when he saw the royal invitation. He did not look upon it as a printed form common to all the invited. It seemed to him a special recognition of the services that the loyal race of Lennox had once upon a time rendered to the State. Lady Ailsa was quite unable to attend, so it was arranged that Beatrix should go with the Duchess.

It was a memorable evening for the young girl. Her wonderful beauty drew special attention to her. More than once she was congratulated upon what the speakers chose to term "the happy event." The Duchess of Elmslie was exceptionally excited.

"My dear Beatrix," she said, "every one is talking about you."

"Yes," replied Beatrix, "but I do not quite understand."

"It is about your marriage with the Duke," said her Grace quickly. "All London is talking about it. You are certainly a most fortunate girl."

The beautiful face flushed hotly.

"It seems strange," she remarked, "that all London should be talking about a thing that concerns me, yet is news to me."

"Now, Beatrix," returned her Grace, in a tone of calm remonstrance, "it cannot be news to you that you are going to marry one of the truest lovers a girl has ever had. Your approaching marriage with the Duke was announced in the *Court Journal* this morning."

The Duchess started in dismay. The girl's eyes seemed to flash fire as she turned quickly to her.

"Who dared to do that?" she asked.

"The public, I should imagine," was her Grace's calm reply. "It is not news to any one except yourself; and, Beatrix, my dear, unless you wish to brand yourself before all England, you cannot recede now—you must marry the Duke."

"But it is a mistake," she cried—"and such a mistake!"

"Most people would call the error a very fortunate one. But I will say no more upon the matter—I leave it to others," said the Duchess wisely. And not another word could Beatrix extort from her.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

BRIC-A-BRAC.

UTILIZING MUMMIES.—Few persons are aware that veritable Egyptian mummies are ground up into paint. But in Europe mummies are used for this purpose, the asphaltum with which they are impregnated being of a quality superior to that which can elsewhere be obtained, and producing a peculiar brownish tint, when made into paint, which is prized by distinguished artists.

AFRAID OF WRINKLES.—When Queen Elizabeth sat for her picture in her old age, she ordered the artist to paint her portrait without any shadows, for shadows she knew would reveal the marks of age in her queenly countenance; and, with all her courage, "good Queen Bess" had not strength of mind sufficient to enable her to look her wrinkles in the face. She could defy the Spanish Armada, but she was afraid of her own infirmities.

JAPANESE ORNAMENTS.—The Japanese are a people plain and simple in their tastes, and as a rule eschewing ornaments. Those, however, in which the ladies indulge most freely are made of glass, in the fabrication of which into quaint devices the manufacturers are peculiarly expert. A favorite trick is to fill glass tubes of various shapes and patterns with colored fluids. These are frequently used as hairpins. Sometimes there is a globe at the end, in which the liquid may be detected by the air-bubbles as it glances in the raven tresses of a Japanese belle.

WASHING AND RELIGION.—Mr. Lecky, in his "History of the Middle Ages," says with respect to cleanliness, that the saints in Mesopotamia regarded washing the body as a pollution of the soul, and no man was considered to have attained full odor of sanctity until he had converted himself into one hideous mass of clotted filth. St. Anthony, in his extreme old age, refused to put his feet in hot water, on the ground that washing of any sort was a fleshy vanity. St. Abrahaun, for fifty years after his conversion, rigidly refused to wash either his face or his feet, "observing that the face ought to reflect the purity of the soul."

A CAT SAVES A WOMAN FROM STARVING.—Some time ago, a woman was confined to her room with protracted illness in England, and such was the poverty of her husband that he was unable to procure the necessary nourishment for her. Indeed, the wants of the family must have been of the severest and most trying nature, the family subsisting for several weeks on potatoes and salt alone. During the sad indisposition of the sufferer and her pressing want for delicate food, a common house cat went into the field, caught a young hare and brought it to the house. The husband took the hare and made it into soup for his suffering wife, which caused a rapid improvement in her condition. The day following the same cat set out again on its mission of charity, and succeeded in catching a partridge, which was likewise brought to the house and delivered as was the hare. And thus it was, through the instrumentality of this cat, the life of this unfortunate lady was saved from absolute starvation.

OLD OMENS.—Stumbling in going downstairs or going out in the morning is very unlucky. It is a sign of ill-luck to lay one's knife and fork crosswise; for sweethearts to interchange knives, as it will cut away their love; to present anybody with a knife, scissors, razor, or any sharp instrument. To avoid ill-consequences, a pin, a farthing, or some trifling recompense must be given in return. To find a knife or razor is unlucky. That it is ill-luck to find money, and worse to keep it, may seem paradoxical to many.

It is lucky to find four-leaved clover, a piece of iron, and old horse-shoes. Moles are indicative of good or bad fortune according to their position on the body. A mole against the heart denotes wickedness; on the knee, a wealthy wife; on the nose, a traveller, on the throat, riches; on the lower jaw of a woman, sorrow and pain; in the middle of the forehead, a discourteous and cruel mind; on the right side of the forehead, command, esteem, and honor; on the left, near middle of forehead, persecutions from superiors; on the lip, a great eater; on the chin, riches; on the ear, riches and respect; on the right breast, poverty; near the bottom of nostrils, good luck; on left foot, rashness; right foot, wisdom; on the wrist or hand, an ingenious mind; near side of chin, an amiable disposition; many moles between wrist and elbow, many crosses will end in prosperity.

SCANDAL-MONGERS.—All those unfortunates who have fallen under the lash of an unruly tongue desire to make scandal a punishable offence, and declare that in this particular, at least, the world has degenerated, as, in old times, the scandal-monger paid dearly for sins committed. In Germany a dame who let her tongue wag too freely about her neighbors, used to be compelled to stand upon a block in the market-place, with a heavy stone dangling from her neck, shaped either like a bottle, a loaf, an oval dish, or representing a woman putting out her tongue, unless she happened to be rich enough to buy permission to exchange the hateful thing for a bag of hops, tied round with a red ribbon. Two centuries ago, an English woman venturing to take liberties with the good name of "Mrs. Mayoress," had to walk through the streets of the town, preceded by a man tinkling a small bell, bearing an old broom upon her shoulders, from the end of which dangled a wooden mortar. Staffordshire scolds did not get off so easily. They had to follow the bellman until they showed unmistakable signs of repentance, being debarred from giving any one a bit of their mind by the "branks" or scolds' bridle, an ingenious arrangement of metal hoops contrived to clasp the head and the neck firmly, while the padlock behind remained locked, while a spiked plate pressed upon the tongue, so as effectually to preclude its owner from making any use of it. The "branks," however, was not peculiar to Staffordshire; it was in use in Scotland centuries ago.

THE REVIEWER.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Messrs. Houghton, Osgood & Co., of Boston, publish "In the Wilderness," by Charles Dudley Warner. This is a very entertaining little volume, full of adventure and humor, in the author's best vein. It is, in fact, a book which every traveler ought to carry in his pocket, and it is just adapted to such a purpose. It comprises 176 pages, 12mo., printed on fine paper in large and clear type, and is beautifully bound in embossed and gilt cloth. Price 75 cents. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co., of New York, publish among their New Handy Volume Series, four stories: Misericordia, The Fisherman of Auge, Gordon Baldwin, and The Philosopher's Pendulum. Misericordia is a story by Ethel Lynn Linton, and is very interesting. It is a deep history of a woman's heart. The Fisherman of Auge is by Katharine S. McQuaid, and is an effective and dramatic piece of work. Gordon Baldwin and The Philosopher's Pendulum are by Rudolph Lindau. Both stories are published in one volume. This Handy Volume Series is neat and complete in every respect. The price of the first two stories here named is 20 cents each; of the last, 25 cents. For sale by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger, of this city.

Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. also issue No. X of their Collection of Foreign Authors Series, called Ariadne, from the French of Henry Greville. This is a fine work, full of power and dramatic effect. 16mo., 229 pages; paper, 50 cents. For sale also by Messrs. Claxton, Remsen & Haffelfinger.

Messrs. J. B. Lippincott & Co., of this city, have published a charming novel called Marguerite, or Life Problems, a romance, from the German of E. Jaucker, by Mrs. A. L. Wister. This is a story very ingenious in plot and passionate and dramatic in situation. 336 pages, 12mo., fine embossed gilt cloth binding. Price $1.75.

"Madame Pompadour's Garter," a thrilling and historical romance of the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, by Gabrielle De St. Andre, is just published by T. B. Peterson & Brothers, Phila., and it will be found to be one of the most thrilling and interesting historical novels ever printed. It is a romance of the days of Madame Pompadour, during the reign of Louis the Fifteenth, and is a very touching story, most skillfully told, of love, intrigue, joy, sorrow and facts. One volume of three hundred pages, paper cover, price fifty cents.

MAGAZINES.

The *Popular Science Monthly* supplement for July, 1878, contains a paper by Midhat Pasha, on The Past, Present and Future of Turkey, which is quite interesting. Matthew Arnold has a fine prefatory paper on Johnson's Lives of the Poets. S. W. Dale's Impressions of America, touches upon "Popular Education." Then there are good papers on "The Great Tropical Fallacy," "Keeping Silence from Good Words," "The Political Destiny of Canada, "Animals and their Environments," "The Cossacks," "The Social Origin of Nihilism and Pessimism in Germany," "Freemasonry—its History and Aim," "The Nervous System and the Intellect," and a letter, in which Professor Clifford refers to Dr. Elam. Not a dull article in the whole magazine.

GRAINS OF GOLD.

Envy no man's talent, but improve thy own.

There are 72 female postmasters in the United States.

The reward of work well done is the having done it.

The gay soul of dissipation never had a thought unselfish.

To read without reflecting is like eating without digestion.

Persons often lack courage to appear as good as they really are.

Rest satisfied with doing well, and leave others to talk of you as they will.

With some men the great account of human life is their bank account.

If others slip toward us in one respect, we unjustly infer that they will in all.

Think not of faults committed in the past when one has reformed his conduct.

If you have intelligence, modesty best sets it off; if not, best hides your want of it.

If you reject unmerited praise, you are unhappy; if you accept it, you are probably undone.

Indulge not in anger; it is whetting a sword to wound thine own breast or murder a friend.

Unmerited oblivion is but another name for the ignorance of the many of the virtues of the few.

The most miserable pettifogging in the world is that of a man in the court of his own conscience.

Be not too diffident of thyself; those who are always afraid of failing do nothing but stumble.

A man that astonishes at first, soon makes people impatient if he does not continue to do it.

There is a paradox in pride; it makes some men ridiculous, but prevents others from becoming so.

Beware of hating men for their opinions, or of adopting their doctrines because you love and venerate their virtues.

Patience is very good, but perseverance is much better. While the former stands as a stole under difficulties, the latter whips them out of the ring.

When a man is made up wholly of the dove, without the least grain of the serpent in his composition, he becomes ridiculous in many circumstances of life, and very often discredits his best actions.

He who is passionate and hasty is generally honest. It is your old dissembling hypocrite of whom you should beware. There's no deception in a bull-dog. It is only the cur that sneaks up and bites you when your back is turned.

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SATURDAY EVENING, JULY 13, 1872.

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CONCERNING the notices of prevailing fashions which now obtain with those of the gifted editor of FASHION CHAT in the POST, we shall find that there is a thoroughness, a conscientiousness and a beauty of style about the work of the latter which no one of our contemporaries has ever excelled. The space is limited, to be sure, necessarily, because there is such a wealth of other matter crowding upon the columns which ought to be devoted to this department, yet in this very limited space the editor gives such an epitome of the world of Fashion, as to only intensify the desire of the thousands of lady readers of the POST to acquire newer and fresher information respecting the prevailing modes.

IT is a significant fact that English audiences prefer the niceties and delicate shades of dialogue to the dramatic "action" of a play. Here in this country we are more affected and take more interest in the action, the plot and its sensational development towards the denouement. In England there is much stress laid upon the quality of literary work, and it will be so here in time. The English lawyers, in an argument before the bench, merely state their case, put their points and retire. There is no need of amplifying or playing the orator in the presence of the wise Judge, who merely wishes to know just what the case is as to fact and law. In this way in England an immense amount of business is transacted in an incredibly short space of time. All this calm and quiet use of thought and expression is the result in the Mother Country of the sober intellectuality which is the guardian angel of the British isles. The Americans will learn, in time, after passing through the many ordeals which other nations have passed through, in order to attain a maturity of thought upon all political and practical questions, they will learn the value of speech and of thought, just as our English cousins have learned them. The cultured human mind delights in the *delicateness* of thought, and two fishmongers of Billingsgate are not nearly as effective, with their loud voices and coarse interpretation, as are the gentle lords and ladies of our civilization who touch with the hand of iron, masked in velvet, the very points which coarse and awkward expression of ignorant Billingsgate cannot touch. The one is an effort and a struggle. The other a calm sense of power. Hence the most cultured nations love the minutiæ of a piece, whether it be a novel or a drama, and they keenly appreciate the delicate shades of meaning in the dialogues between the characters. Subtle differences in character having transformed them all into critics of the "first water," dramatic action and sensational effects do not so much impress them. In other words, the human character is so superior to the circumstances which surround him, that "England expects every man to do his duty," in more senses than one, and to reverse the Greek idea of Destiny, which destroys individuality and renders man subservient to circumstances." In this very resistance to old creeds, respecting Fate and Nemesis, we must give the Anglo Saxons the palm as the leaders in modern thought and modern orthodoxy concerning such faiths.

GOLDEN WEDDING.

There are very few whose married life can ring the pleasant chimes of "golden wedding bells." Fifty years! What a harmony of melody Memory must bring back through this long vista of life in which husband and wife have stood together, sharing its joys and cares, and to those whose life has been crowned with the blessings and success which come from usefulness, the sounds are very sweet; while even the stealing touch of Time leaves only a mellow, golden trace. One of the most charming of these rare festivals was celebrated by Associate-Justice Clifford, of the United States Supreme Court, and his wife, at Portland, Me., on the Fourth of July. The fete was held at the residence of their son, William Henry Clifford, a prominent lawyer of that city. There were present the three sons of the Judge—the one just mentioned, Charles E. Clifford, his associate in business, and Frank Clifford. With these and their children were the Judge's two daughters, Mrs. Cummings and Mrs. Philip H. Brown, with their families, and Mrs. Clifford, the widow of a deceased son, whose brilliant life was checked in the midst of a noble career, and whose absence made the only cloud. The Judge and his wife were surrounded by five children and twenty-two grandchildren, and among these grandchildren were two Nathan Cliffords, also Nathan Clifford Cummings, and Nathan Clifford Brown, some of whom have reached mature years, but the brightest among them all were the Judge and his wife, with whom age has scarcely parted yet from youth. The Judge is so well known we need say but little to recall that fine presence which, when once seen, is not forgotten. Although seventy-five years have gone since his birth, they have so softly glided by that time has left but few footprints. His mind has the clearness of youth, with the profound depth of years, while he is unremitting in his attention to the duties connected with his position. There are few men living whose lives shine in such "pure, unclouded rays."

Mrs. Clifford has that charming, womanly presence which one loves to meet, and when surrounded by her children, mature men and women, few could believe the lapse of time between their ages.

The festivities were of the most charming character, combining the whole day and evening, in which were feasts, and music, and singing, and all the pleasures which could add to the brilliant event, which was crowned by the singing of the old, loved and familiar hymn, "Coronation," beginning:

"Far from mortal cares retreating,
Sordid hopes and fond desires,"

in which all the voices of children and grand-children blended together; but sweetest of all were the full, deep tones of the Judge's voice, which rang out distinct and clear among the rest, as he stood erect, his tall, commanding figure towering above them all. It was a scene never to be forgotten, and was indeed perfect music wedded unto noble words.

We can only hope that this golden point in fifty years may be but the milestone which points the way to fifty years onward, and let us add:

Answer both, good Fortune, with thy smiles,
Be heavenly benedictions sent;
Wait them date the golden tales
Of holy joy, peace and content.

THE MORAL OF MONEY.

The majority of us love money for the comfort it can give us, the appreciation in the eyes of the rest of the world, the pleasure it allows us to bestow. Some people admire and covet it only as money; it disagrees with them to part with it, and the laying up of "treasure upon earth," is more to them than the record of good deeds in heaven. Far beneath their love of money sinks their desire for the esteem of their fellow-men, they would rather be thought wealthy than virtuous, or noble, or generous, or benevolent, and in truth they frequently do not care whether they are thought rich or not, so long as they are rich. What agony these men endure in knowing that as they "brought nothing into this world, therefore they shall carry nothing out," it is more difficult to conjecture. They do their best to retain a heavy grasp of mortmain on what they have got, making their hand felt, although in the grave; they subject the inevitable bequest to all sorts of conditions, sometimes making the business so complicated that only the lawyers get the gist of the property, and oftentimes in the endeavor to tie it up so strongly, leaving yet such meshes as to allow the whole accumulation of miserly days and years to pass through, and is inherited free of any condition. Leaving it so, they must suffer in the leaving it almost sufficiently to punish them for the suffering they occasion while they hold it. For it is not easy to understand the suffering caused to a sensitive girl or boy by the shabby apparel he or she is obliged to wear, by the school books he or she is obliged to borrow, and the pleasures he or she is compelled to forego, the mean homes, where such a father rules, or caused to a wife by her sympathy with her children, or by similar evidence of the superiority of her husband's love of money over his love for herself.

Certainly these men must be destitute of family affection in any intense degree, for we have known families who lived on little but oat meal from one year's end to another, and yet the father sat in high places, held responsible positions, and was respected as a moneyed man, with the vague aura surrounding him that somehow seems always to accompany the possession of wealth, even in the hands of the most unworthy, instead of being execrated as a specimen of one of the coarsest of humans, if for nothing else. Such personages are as tyrannical as they are close-fisted; indeed the exercise of their dominant quality obliges them to hold the rein closely. The result of this is, the family is usually open in subordination, petty theft, constant deceit, or else a slavish submission which begets a chronic weakness of mind, which, not daring to think, borders on stupidity.

It seems to us that such people as these are really almost outside of the pale of humanity. They afford only pain, and no no pleasure, during their lives, and their deaths might be called their first praiseworthy act. Such a class is depicted in that all-powerful novel of Balzac's, "Eugene Grandet," and he makes his chief character a type of just such a wretch, who loves money for money's sake, and not for the sake of any physical or spiritual blessing it may confer.

The moral of money is to be learned every day in the observation of human nature about us. The men who have plenty spend lavishly and indiscreetly oftimes; those who have little, often surpass wealthy men in their extravagance. Then again men have large fortunes, and are only content to live for the purpose of increasing them, and that is their chief aim and ambition, regardless of the pain or cruelty they may inflict upon those who serve them.

SANCTUM CHAT.

FARJEON, the novelist, says: I write best at night, often after midnight. Perhaps one gets more repose after the fever of the day is over. A common experience of mine is that when I return from the theatre, I am in the mood to write for an hour or two. At the theatre you are in an ideal world, to a certain extent, and not hampered with the absolute practical bores of everyday life. Hints for my work often come to me in the middle of the night. I usually make it a point to get up and jot them down immediately. When I neglect this I usually repent, for I can never recall them in the same fresh form.

JOHN STUART MILL draws the subtle distinction between what is poetry and what is eloquence, by asserting that "eloquence is *heard*: poetry is *overheard*. Eloquence supposes an audience. The peculiarity of poetry appears to us to lie in the poet's utter unconsciousness of a listener. It is of the nature of a soliloquy." This test of poetry is certainly a good one. There are some pieces of verse which ought to be recited to an audience, and there are others which are true poems and which are rendered best and understood best in quiet, in the solitude which environs the reader. Poe's "Raven" should be thus read. The same as Mill alleges is true of music. He says, "Who can ever imagine 'Dove Song' (from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro) *heard*? We imagine it *overheard*." "The Meditation" of Sebastian Bach, transformed into the "Ave Maria," of Gounod, is a poem: so also is Beethoven's "Overture to Egmont."

AT last our old friend, the lark, who has figured in poetry as the very King of early risers, is about to receive his "quietus." Investigations, made by a French ornithologist, as to the habits of birds, have entirely destroyed the lark's reputation for early rising. As a matter of fact he is quite a lazy bird, and does not rise until long after the chaffinches, linnets, etc., have had their breakfast. We are informed that the earliest riser is the greenfinch, which gets up from his downy nest and sings at the early hour of half past one o'clock in the morning. Next, at half-past two, the black cap begins, and half an hour later the quail presents itself. Then, an hour later, the real songster of the day, the blackbird, makes its appearance. At half-past four the thrush is heard to sing. The robin sings shortly after, followed by the wren. Then the house sparrow, and tom-tit appear to warn us, by their merry twitter, of the approach of day.

AT an award and distribution of prizes in a North London School for Girls, Earl Granville made some very sensible remarks to the effect that the times were past when a great literary character could assert that it was easier for a coquette to marry than a highly-educated woman, and the time had come when men would know how to appreciate those members of the opposite sex who fitted themselves by study and industry to become really useful members of the community to which they belonged. He certainly admitted that he had met some very disagreeable specimens of womanhood who readily deserved the titles of "blue stockings," but they were ladies who had only a slight smattering of knowledge. But, he continued, had not young men, occasionally been found to be pedantic and conceited in the extreme? The Earl was decidedly in favor of the highest education for women.

THE Japanese have been very appropriately called the "French of the East." The French nation possesses the most artistic genius; the most delicate sense of manners and forms and the very perfection of the art of keeping up appearances. There is, of course, hidden behind this mask of pleasure and refinement, this eternal bowing, this festival and gala dress which France seems to wear at all times to the eye of the stranger, a hideous chaos of troubles and despairs, which now and then takes shape in revolutions. The Japanese seem to have all the politeness, the artistic sense, and the self created atmosphere of jollity which the French possess. Japanese manners are certainly very different from our own, but these wide-awake Orientals are a thoroughly well-bred people. Foreigners, after living in the interior of Japan for a considerable time, on returning into civilized society, have stated that the manners of their own countrymen appear to them vulgar and almost brutal, accustomed as they have become to a courtesy singularly free from selfish or mercenary considerations, and it is a fact that the Japanese are a polite and sweet-tempered people.

BIOGRAPHIES.

No. I.—MRS. CLARA J. MOORE.

[Taken principally from Hart's *Female Prose Writers of America* (1855), and from *Women's Words* for March, 1872.]

Mrs. Moore is a native of Massachusetts. Her father is a lineal descendant of John Jessup, spoken of in Howell's History of Southampton, Long Island, who, with other colonists, settled there in 1635, and were, according to this history, men of means and sterling worth, whose self-exile from the mother country was the strongest protest they could give against the divine right of kings in civil and religious government.

The family name of Mrs. Moore's mother is first found in Domesday Book, compiled in 1081. From Ernald de Moseley descended the families of Maudeisley, Moseley and Mosley, in the counties of York, Lancaster and Staffordshire, in England, and the families bearing the same names in Massachusetts, Virginia, and elsewhere in the United States.

John Moseley, the ancestor who emigrated from England in 1630, settled in Dorchester, Mass.

Although at that period of our history as a nation, every one "was expected to aid in the prosperity" of the little colonies, or communities, by some regular employment, he does not seem to have had any. He died August 29, 1661, and was buried in a tomb in the old burying ground in Dorchester. The memorial slab which covers the grave is of brown free stone, supported on a brick foundation, and is still in a good state of preservation. His wife, Cicely (or Cecelia) Moseley, administered to his estate in behalf of herself and children. His son, John Joseph Moseley, born in Boston in 1638, married to Mary, daughter of Benjamin Newbury, removed to Westfield, in western Massachusetts, in 1677, where he purchased large tracts of land, one of which is now owned by the town, and is called *Moseley Park*. He was a lieutenant in King Philip's war, and in 1678 was appointed "*Lieut. to the Pyoote Company*" at Westfield. In 1679 he was one of a committee of two appointed by the town to petition the General Court in their behalf. His son John was the grandfather of Col. David Moseley, who was appointed a magistrate by King George II., in the year 1749. The parchment commission, still in the possession of the family occupying the homestead, bears in the right hand upper corner, a large seal followed by a quaint device, in the centre of which is the letter G; then follows GEORGE, the Second, By the Grace of GOD, of Great Britain, France and Ireland, KING Defender of the Faith, etc. To all unto whom these Presents shall come, greeting: KNOW YE, That we have assigned and constituted; and do by these Presents assign, constitute and appoint, Our Trusty and well-beloved David Mosley, Esq., to be one of the Justices to keep our Peace, in our county of Hampshire, within our Province of the Massachusetts Bay, in New England, etc., etc.

According to the town records, Mrs. Moore's ancestors from this time, including her grandfather, were all magistrates commanding regiments of the old Massachusetts militia, and holding from time to time the most important offices in the gift of the town and county.

The late Col. David Moseley, Massachusetts State Senator, was Mrs. Moore's uncle. His family now occupy one of the Moseley homesteads in Westfield, Mass. The ground on which it stands has been in the family for over two centuries.

Some of Mrs. Moore's ancestral connections served as officers in King Philip's war, and one, Capt. Ebenezer Moseley, was in Col. Israel Putnam's regiment at the battle of Bunker Hill. Another relative, Capt. Samuel Moseley, is spoken of in history as "a gallant soldier."

Cotton Mather, in his Magnolia, writes of him as "the brave Captain Moseley;" and he is elsewhere referred to as "an excellent soldier, an undaunted spirit, one whose memory will be honorable in New England for the many eminent services he has done the public."

He married the grand-daughter of Governor Leverett, of Massachusetts. She was a sister of the Hon. Isaac Addington, Secretary of the Province and Judge of Probate thirteen years, and sister-in-law of Col. Penn Townsend, who married for his second wife her sister Sarah, and niece of Gov. John Leverett.

In affirmation of the statement made that in the days of the colonists all members of settlements were expected to be workers, it may here be stated that Captain Moseley before engaging in Indian warfare, was a cooper and merchant combined; but not liking this trade, he early relinquished it. "His adventurous spirit" afterwards distinguished itself in "deeds of courage amounting to rashness," as recorded of him.

His seal, bearing the Moseley coat-of-arms as used by the family in England before the marriage of Jenkyn Moseley with an heiress, in the latter part of the fifteenth century, was used by his brother-in-law, Addington, in the attestation of wills, and other documents.

General Collins, of Guilford, Conn., son of Daniel Collins, planter, and descended from a brother of one of the first twenty-five graduates of Harvard College, was the great grandfather of Mrs. Moore on her father's maternal side. "After serving in the war of the Revolution, he represented his town in the General Assembly of Connecticut sixty-two sessions, or thirty two years. Among her great uncles and great grand uncles, were Oliver Wolcott, "the signer;" John Ingersoll, who was a member of the body that framed the constitution of Massachusetts in 1780; Judge Green, Chief Justice of the Massachusetts Court; Major William Shepherd, aide-de-camp of General Washington; John Phelps, a distinguished lawyer of western Massachusetts; and Hon. Samuel Mather, of the Cotton Mather Family. The noted divine, Rev. Dr. Watts, died at the house of Lady Abney (born Collins) of Stoke Newington, whose father officiated at the ordination of Dr. Watts, and whose grand-father, the Rev. John Collins (before alluded to) returned to England after having graduated at Harvard, and was sent by Cromwell (according to Calamy) as Chaplain to General Monck, when he came out of Scotland into England. His remains lie in St. Paul's churchyard, under a well-preserved memorial tablet. Sibley, in his biographies of the first twenty-five or thirty graduates of Harvard, gives the Latin inscription that is on this tablet.

Mrs. Moore is justly proud of her ancestral records, numbering as they do on their pages the names of many who have distinguished themselves for culture, and valor, or for eminence in their professions.

General Jessup, known as a brave and efficient officer in our Indian war in Florida, was a relative of her father. Her mother's only sister married Capt. Henry Chapin, of Canandaigua, son of General Israel Chapin, Superintendent of Indian Affairs in the early part of this century. It was during a residence with this sister that Mrs. Jessup, while visiting in the Wadsworth family at Geneseo, met the family of Maryland Carrolls, that at a later period of her life became connected with her by a marriage between a daughter of her cousin, Royal Phelps, of New York, and John Lee Carroll.

"The Family Memoirs," printed for private circulation, by the late Sir Oswald Mosley, Baronet of Rolleston Hall, Staffordshire, England, give a faithful record (from before the time of King John) of the descent from Ernald de Moseley, Lord of Moseley, down to the present time; and the "Mosley Family Memorials" (fifty copies of which were printed for private distribution, by Edward S. Moseley, of Newburyport, Mass.,) commencing with the same common ancestor, end with his branch of the family in the present year.

Mrs. Moore possesses a copy of each of these Memoirs.

After this notice of the ancestral connections of Mrs. Moore, we turn to the days of her youth preceding her marriage. Her home education was carefully superintended by competent teachers—the late Mrs. Gov. Ellsworth, of Kentucky, (born Bartlett) having been one of them. She next went through a course of study at Westfield Academy, one of the oldest institutions in the State of Massachusetts, and one that is renowned for its facilities in the way of instruction in all branches requiring experiments, such as Chemistry, Natural Philosophy, etc., as well as for the classical erudition of the teachers employed.

Miss Jessup's school education was finished at New Haven, in the excellent boarding school kept by Mrs. Merrick and her sister, Mrs. Bingham, where she was for three years a pupil.

On the 27th of October, 1842, Miss Jessup was married to *Bloomfield Hughes Moore*, of Philadelphia. The marriage, which took place in the large, old-fashioned residence of her father (beautifully situated in a glen of the Hampshire hills, bordering on Berkshire,) was one of the largest that was ever celebrated in western Massachusetts. "The Squire's house," as it was called, (Mr. Jessup was a Justice of the Peace for the county) was decorated with autumn flowers and garlands of evergreen; the invited guests who lived at a distance, were brought by a special train from Westfield.

The officiating clergymen, Rev. Emerson Davis, D. D., of Westfield, Mass., and Rev. William Woodworth, of New Haven, had both been Miss Jessups teachers. They, with many others, accompanied the bridal party as far as Westfield on the way.

Up to this period Mrs. Moore had not given evidence of any talent in the way of writing, beyond that shown in her school compositions, although her teachers had found it necessary to check her inclination to write verses and stories, and to give her exercises to prepare on didactic subjects.

It was not until after her marriage that she took up her pen to occupy her leisure hours; and then with such success, that her home soon became the resort of a literary society that numbered in it some of the most gifted authors of the day.

In 1855 the following notice of Mrs. Moore's writings appeared in Hart's *Female Prose Writers of America*:

"Mrs. Clara J. Moore is a native of Massachusetts, but has resided in Philadelphia since her marriage. Her maiden name was Jessup. She has distinguished herself as a writer both in prose and poetry, but principally of the former. It is a high merit with Mrs. Moore that she seeks her subjects in every day life, instead of dealing in the visionary regions of inflated romance. * * * * Her stories are natural in their incidents—gracefully written, and full of fine delineations of character. In describing the struggles of woman's heart when actuated by the passion of love, she is peculiarly happy; indeed, few female authors in the United States excel her in this respect.

As a magazinist Mrs. Moore enjoys an enviable reputation. Her success indeed is more distinguished because authorship with her is an amusement rather than a profession. She wisely considers that the duties of a wife and mother are paramount, and hence it is only her leisure that she surrenders to literature. Her pride is to be a woman first, an author afterward."

One of Mrs. Moore's early stories, "The Estranged Hearts," received the first prize (one hundred dollars) out of four hundred stories offered; Hon. George H. Boker, and Dr. Reynell Coates on the committee.

Several novelettes, "The Adopted," "Compensation," "The Fulfilled Prophecy," "Emma Dudley's Secret," and "Renunciation," next bore off prizes from numerous competitors. These were followed by an anonymous romance called "The Hasty Marriage."

One of Mrs. Moore's stories was republished in London with much success, and was copied here as an English production. The London *Daily News*, under the heading of "Who reads an American Book," wrote of "the ingenious heart picturings of Clara Moreton."

Up to this time Mrs. Moore had shielded herself from publicity under this *nom de plume*. Her next story, "The House of Huntley and Raymond," was published without any name, as was "Mabel's Mission," her last story before the breaking out of our civil war, which took her from her literary pursuits, giving her other work to do, as "Corresponding Secretary of the Woman's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission."

Mrs. Moore, who was nominated by Dr. Bellows, of N.Y., as President, declined the nomination, naming Mrs. Grier, who was elected, and whose rare executive ability, as shown in the fulfillment of the duties devolving upon her while holding this office, do credit to Mrs. Moore's discernment of Mrs. Grier's capacities.

To return to Mrs. Moore as an author, one of her books for children went through more than twenty editions, "Master Jacky's Holidays," illustrated by Leech. "Frank and Fannie," another book for children, was one of her earliest productions. It is now out of print. Truthfulness, the forgiveness of injuries, and doing unto others as we would be done by, are some of the lessons taught in its pages.

Mrs. Moore's next book was a collection of stories and poems, published in 1868.

The *Knickerbocker* in a highly complimentary notice of this volume, at the time of its publication, said: "We hail this first-born of one of our most gifted junior female authors, with great pleasure. The writings of this lady are not simply the emanations of a speculative, and oftentimes sickly imagination, replete with the isms and idiosyncracies of their authors, but they are graphic, truthful pictures, drawn with a quick and observant eye and a discriminating judgment. They hold a mirror up to nature which reflects the virtues and vices, the beauties and defects of humanity, not only as they now exist, but as they will continue to exist until the tone of society shall become pure and healthy. They inculcate valuable lessons of warning and wisdom, squared by that inner light which teaches that whatever principle is morally true and beautiful, is imperishable.

While the authoress would remedy some of the evils of modern society, she does her part as reformer without any attempt at libellous satire, or displaying the least bit of ill-nature. None of her characters are angels, but none are monsters."

Of this volume, the late Mrs. Toucey (wife of the United States Senator of that name, and Governor of Connecticut) wrote from Hartford, under date of October 17, 1865:

* * * "The high, moral and religious tone of your volume must render you one of the most useful of writers—and may I not also say, reformers of the day? For if such pictures of the results of folly and vanity will not produce a reform, I know not what will. The interest of the stories is admirably sustained, and the exquisite pathos of parts I could not read without emotion. I wish you God speed in your good work. The poetical effusions scattered throughout the book gave me much pleasure. I need not prompt you to cultivate so great a gift. I have a passion for poetry which neither age nor the blandishments of Washington society can cause me to forego. I think my hours with Schiller last winter were among my pleasantest.

* * * *

Believe me, with grateful admiration,
Always your friend,
CATHARINE TOUCEY.

Such was the tribute paid to the influence of this writer's works, more than twenty years ago.

This sketch would be incomplete without some mention of the various works of philanthropy in which Mrs. Moore has been engaged. She projected, and aided in founding, "The Union Temporary Home" for children, in this city, and in establishing the Woman's Branch of the Sanitary Commission.

The following letter gives testimony to the part which she took in a work which was shared by many of the most influential and energetic women of our time:

United States Sanitary Commission, Philadelphia Agency,
January 16th, 1866.

MRS. BLOOMFIELD H. MOORE:

My Dear Madam—At a meeting of the Board of Managers of the Woman's Pennsylvania Branch of the United States Sanitary Commission held on Monday, December 4th, 1865, it was unanimously "Resolved, That the grateful thanks of this Board be tendered to Mrs. Bloomfield H. Moore for her inestimable services in giving the first impulse to the formation of this organization, as well as for her self-sacrificing devotion to its interests during the great portion of its existence."

In performing the agreeable duty of communicating to you officially this resolution, I may be permitted to say how deeply all present regretted your absence at our final meeting. The feeling was unanimous that to you more than to any other was due the existence of the Woman's Pennsylvania Branch. With much regard I remain,

Very Respectfully Yours,
R. M. LEWIS,
Sec. of the W. P. B. of the U. San. Com.

Mrs. Moore also created and organized the "Special Relief Committee" that took such an active part in the hospital work during the civil war, knowing no difference between the soldiers of the North, and the soldiers of the South, in its objects of aid—laying aside all feelings of sectional animosity, and administering, with the hands of Christian charity alike to the suffering wearers of "the blue and the grey."

In the organization of the Committees of Women for the great Sanitary Commission Fair, by which over one million dollars was realized in Philadelphia, the active responsibility and labor devolved upon Mrs. George Plitt and herself. Mrs. Moore's interesting work in the military and volunteer hospitals, as well as in those homes of the poor, where she has been an almoner, might be dwelt upon; but enough has been said to show that her life has not been an idle one—that she is not of those who, as an eloquent divine says, "place their powers under the feet of public opinion."—not of those who say, "Why should I wear out my life in efforts to do good?—rather let me be merry, floating down the stream with the rest." Separated from her daughters, who were married abroad, Mrs. Moore is devoted, as it were, upon the companionship of her pen. The writer of this sketch is in fact astonished at the amount of literary work which Mrs. Moore has accomplished (in years which have not been devoted to literature alone), having seen and knows more of her in her family relations, in social life, and in her works of philanthropy.

Mrs. Moore has always devoted the proceeds of her pen to works of charity. After her *nom de plume* was no longer a shield to her, she published without any signature until her anonymous paper on "Reasonable and Unreasonable Points of Etiquette," (which title was changed by the editor to Unsettled Points of Etiquette) published in Lippincott's, March, 1873, drew down upon her a storm of personal abuse, such as could not have been poured out had her name accompanied her essay. Mrs. Moore, who holds the same ideas as Herbert Spencer concerning life, *a la mode*, as regulated by spendthrifts and idlers, dandies and silly women, did not submit to being held up as a "leader of fashion," but overcoming her modest sensitiveness, and rising out of it into the independence that was natural to her, and which had been held in check by her shrinking from publicity, she now boldly entered the ranks of authors, and gave to the public two volumes under her own name.

In 1873 Mrs. Moore published a revised edition of "The Young Lady's Friend," continuing her work in behalf of the young, for whom she has written so many pages. In 1873 she collected in one volume some of her poems, with the title "Miscellaneous Poems, Stories for Children, The Warden's Tale, and Three Eras in a Life."

These poems met with no adverse criticism.

A professor of *belles lettres* asks in a letter, after reading the volume, "how is it that, endowed with such intense feeling, and such rare power of expression as Mrs. Moore possesses, she can carry on so many of the interests of our every-day life?" Where does she find the time, and what one sees the resources which enable her to be an acknowledged power in society, ready to receive, to entertain and visit—a complete housekeeper, a true and devoted friend, and beyond, and above all such a wife and mother?"

In 1870 Messrs. Porter & Coates published Mrs. Moore's romance, "On Dangerous Ground; or, Agatha's Friendship," which has reached a fourth edition, and has been translated into the Swedish and French languages. It is eminently a book for women.

Many lessons might be learned from Mrs. Moore's life, rich as it has been with the discipline of such experiences as broaden and deepen the character, and teach self-reliance—disciplines which illustrate the great law of the history of man's nature: that every one of us must, in order to realize our true work and moral position in this world, meet and contend with the powers of evil. Among these lessons is one of encouragement to other women to whom work has been given which they shrink from: work which, if persevered in, will bring them in time, as her work has brought her—"no lack of that grand excitement, which born of difficulty, met by a will set in resolute tension toward victory, makes life worth living, and leaves behind it no bad taste in the mouth, no sore place in the heart."

Independence, energy, love of truth and justice, with a scorn of pretence, are an inheritance of Puritan blood. Mrs. Moore comes rightfully by her strong qualities of character (as we have seen) both her maternal and paternal forefathers were descendants of our earliest settlers.

To quote from an article written by a Philadelphia editor, some years since, in a notice of Mrs. Moore: "Her ancestral connections on both sides, from the earliest history of New England down to her immediate progenitors, were among the leading people of their day, forming a continuous succession of scholars, professional men, leading legislators and merchants, for as long a period as the best families of America can boast, embracing among their numbers signers of the Declaration of Independence, officers in the revolutionary army, and a cabinet officer under Washington."

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Moore has been one of those fortunate unions in which similar mental tastes have rendered them the most congenial of companions. Mr. Moore is an able speaker, if one may judge from his printed speeches in favor of a protective tariff, some of which have found their way into the press, and been widely copied. The Harvard class history of their son mentions the fact that the family Bible, brought from England by one of Mr. Moore's paternal ancestors, is of the edition of 1611, printed in London; and that the family Bible of his mother's family is "the Geneva Version of 1599, much valued on account of its notes." Both of these ancestors belonged to the society of Friends, and left England on account of religious persecution, following William Penn to this country, after first sending a commissioner, who purchased tracts of land (for them and their connections) in New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Massachusetts. It is said of them in history that "they left good estates behind them."

The old Haynes homestead in Evesham, New Jersey, is occupied by a lineal descendant of Mr. Moore's maternal ancestor, Richard Haynes, of Aynhoe, of Oxfordshire. This ancestor was imprisoned in England on account of his religious faith, before his self-exile. The ground on which this homestead stands was bought by John, son of Richard, in 1683.

According to this narrative, we have seen that while Mr. Moore belongs to one of the oldest Quaker families in the United States, Mrs. Moore is of strictly Puritan descent. In glancing back along the line of years, we find both these sects leaving the Old World for the same reason, making for themselves new homes in a new country. Perchance the blending of the finer qualities of the two sects—Puritans and Quakers—has helped to give to our people some of that strength of character which assigns to us a worthy place among the nations of the earth. Nations are the aggregate—families the component parts, and each family has its own individual history.

An American writer tells us in one of his recent productions, that "a kind of rage" has sprung up in the United States for family records; "a kind of thing," he says, "till very lately ignored, if not despised, in the arrogance of our social youthfulness." But not so in all sections of the land. The descendants of our earliest colonists were trained to think that a good name is of more value than great riches; that integrity of principles, virtue and culture, are possessions more to be desired than are gold and jewels; and that wealth of heart and mind is more than all the unnumbered treasures of the earth.

"Are not all men of the same species?" asks Caius Marius in his address to the Romans. "What can make a difference between one man and another but the endowment of the mind? The worth of ancestors casts a light, indeed, upon their posterity; but it only serves to show what their descendants are. It alike exhibits to public view their degeneracy and their worth."

E. S. Y.

WEST HAVEN, Conn., June 10, 1872.

IN SORROW.

The wondrous wheels of life will turn
When I am seen on earth no more,
The sun as bright in heaven will burn,
The sea still flap the tawny shore;
The daisies still will snow the sod,
The vestal snowdrop sweetly spring,
The heavens reflect the power of God;
The woods with birds' fond warblings ring.
Sad thoughts of that dread time come on;
What is our doom when life is spent?
Our joys as soon as seen are gone,
Appear but for one moment sent.
Would I could live as lives the rose,
Unconscious of a time of gloom,
Or be the humblest flower that grows,
Forgotten when I ceased to bloom!
This life, so short, so full of fears,
Has only fitful dreams of rest;
Where are the eyes that shed no tears?
And where is one unsorrowing breast?

CASQUE AND GLOVE

By Hale Lewison.

CHAPTER VIII.—[CONTINUED.]

SHALLOW WATERS AT MILLFIELD.

Mrs. Tossip was still at the home of her sister, Mrs. Morrick. Mr. Forseth had just arrived from his home in the East. There was present, as a guest at tea, a lay figure—a young lady in whom Mrs. Tossip, suspecting her of matrimonial intentions, took a very deep interest.

"Indeed, my dear," Mrs. Tossip said earnestly to her lay figure during a parlor confidence, Morrick and Forseth being talking by themselves; "indeed, the woman is to be pitied who has bestowed her wealth of affection, and finds there are chords—in her soul which vibrate responsive to no touch!"

This was a favorite simile with Mrs Tossip. The idea in full—though she never explained it so—probably was that the Female Heart is a sort of harp, and when marriage comes it is simply the engaging of a harpist, who is thenceforth to devote his existence to touching the chords.

"No man understands the Female Heart," Mrs Tossip continued. "I speak from sad experience. As you know, I have had three husbands. From two of them—I could not speak of this to one in whom I felt less interest, my dear—from two of them I was rescued by the law, and——"

"And one escaped!" exclaimed Forseth to Morrick, as if relating some adventure.

Morrick looked as if he did not see the connection of this with what Forseth had been saying, but the latter went on talking more earnestly than before.

Mrs. Tossip started and stopped at the exclamation, and for a moment regarded Forseth as if she thought he had referred to the departure of her third husband. Then she recovered, and finished her sentence impressively:

"And one died."

"Being plucky, you see," Forseth was saying to Morrick, "he stuck to it like a major, but he had to get out."

Morrick again looked as if he did not quite catch the connection of this remark, and Mrs. Tossip looked as if she did. But Forseth instantly went on with his talk to Morrick, and Mrs. Tossip once more resumed the sermon to her lay figure:

"It would rack your heart, my dear, to know what I underwent with the two first. Of poor, dear Tossip, who died—well—I may say——"

"No tongue can picture the torture he suffered!" exclaimed Forseth to Morrick.

Mrs. Tossip was more than suspicious now; it was plain that Morrick was nearly crazy with his attempts to fit the odd exclamations into Forseth's conversation, and she was morally certain that they were meant to fit into her remarks, with exasperating effect.

"Mr. Forseth," she said, with her most poodercus dignity, "we will suspend our conversation if you will let us hear yours."

"I fear it would not interest you to hear of escapes, and the like. I was only telling it for Morrick here. He is very fond of such narratives—eh, Morrick?"

"Yes—oh, yes—that is, I think so—I might say—take 'em by the hand!" said bewildered Morrick.

Mrs. Tossip was not to be so easily appeased.

"You could not tell of the escape of your fascinating friend, Mr. Hombert, at least," she remarked spicily.

"Indeed!" responded Forseth.

"Because he did not escape," ventured the lay figure, with a sly titter.

"You are talking in riddles, ladies!" exclaimed Forseth.

"Mr. Hombert has married Miss—the girl he got into that trouble with," Mrs. Tossip explained, somewhat vindictively.

"Well, he is an honest fellow, and ought to be happy," said Forseth.

"You haven't a word more to say?" inquired Mrs. Tossip.

"Why, no—except good wishes. Have you?"

"Ah! how little you men know the Female Heart!" was Mrs. Tossip's lucid reply.

"May I ask," said Forseth, "if the Female Heart is unanimously of the opinion you seem to indicate concerning this marriage?"

"The unfettered Female Heart will agree with me. Some of us—weak, frail creatures that we are"—Mrs. Tossip's two hundred weight had somewhat increased of late—"are so borne down by the tyrant man that we dare not even avow the divine instincts of our being."

"Too bad! too bad!" exclaimed Forseth. "By the way, there was a lawyer named Jeck mixed up in the Gardnill affairs."

"Mr. Jeck—a gentleman whom I know, is still interested," announced Mrs. Tossip, with dignity.

"How?" asked Forseth.

"He is counsel for an Indian child of William Rollick, the father of the girl Mr. Hombert has married. The Indian child is the true heir—the other is——"

Mrs. Tossip could not utter the word.

"Is not, I suppose you mean," said Forseth. "I begin to understand this matter now."

"Mr. Jeck," Mrs. Tossip proclaimed, "is confident of establishing this Indian girl's claim. Ah! Mr. Jeck, I think, strikes some of the deepest chords in the Female Heart."

"Just so," responded Forseth, who had been musing a moment.

"You agree with me?" asked Mrs. Tossip, sweetly.

"Madam," replied Forseth, "I more than agree with you. I should say that Mr. Jeck might be safely relied on to strike every chord in the Female Heart, and break every bone in the female body, too, if it happened to suit him."

"Oh! oh!" exclaimed Mrs. Tossip, hysterically. "Oh, my precious! Oh, my own."

Mr. Morrick and the lay figure looked horror stricken.

Mrs. Tossip rolled over on one side as far as her chair would allow, and closed her eyes.

Forseth looked from one to another in blank amazement.

"Mr. Jeck and Mrs. Tossip are to be married soon," said Morrick, under his breath, as the lay figure, having righted Mrs. Tossip, assisted that lady from the room—the lay figure being meanwhile, it appeared, in imminent danger if her convoy should careen again.

"Oho!" cried Forseth, in great surprise. "Why, I never heard a word of it. That's how she came to have all the news the time you got Hombert up here. She was in the Jeck harness then. I'll back Jeck to beat the record of Tossip, badly; but yet I imagine he will have to let out his paces pretty well."

Forseth, indeed, had received a bit of information that was not yet public—to wit, that about the Indian claim. Much that was dark was now plain, in Forseth's opinion, for he at once concluded that the Indian heir was a trumped-up personage to aid Jeck's speculations upon the Gardnills. The rascally lawyer, he thought, knew of some good claim to be made in behalf of Hombert's wife, and so had tried to get control of her. Now that she was out of reach, by marriage, he might try to foist through the Indian claim, or at least threaten with it until somebody compromised. Forseth, in fact, came very near guessing the truth, which was, that Jeck had abandoned the Gardnill claim, and now hung all his hopes upon the woman Leela. Thus, he was no longer at pains to keep secret his plan, and Mrs. Tossip had been free to mention it.

As a friendly act, Forseth at once wrote to Hombert, telling what he had learned, and hoping that the information might be of service in the interpretation of any future movements of Jeck, if it did not put the Gardnills upon the track of a valuable claim.

When Hombert received this letter, he kept it from Nell, but showed it to Mrs. Gardnill. To that lady it made every act of her husband and Jeck instantly plain; and, recalling the long-forgotten Rollick inheritance, she rightly conjectured where the foundation of the scheme lay. Everything was now open between Hombert and Mrs. Gardnill, even what the young man had refused to hear from the lady at Beech Grove, i. e., the threat of Jeck to prove an Indian marriage, invalidating Mrs. Gardnill's first matrimonial relation.

"It would have made no difference with me then—it makes none now," declared Hombert, in reference to this matter.

But it was agreed that to bring the threat to Nell's notice would only pain her uselessly. She might hear of it at any time, it was true, but they held little communication with Millfield people.

It was further agreed that any movement, in Nell's behalf, to claim the inheritance, would certainly precipitate Jeck's action on the Indian claim. Therefore, no movement should be made. Of the value of the inheritance they knew nothing; but, being in no need, the annoyance and disgrace of having the Indian claim brought to contest that of Nell, seemed to far outweigh all other considerations.

After a time Mrs. Gardnill ventured to return to her old home, under Hombert's escort, to superintend the removal of its furniture. Lastly, grandmother was taken to the new home in Hardston, and then the house at Millfield was leased.

Thus the connection of the family with the old place of residence was practically ended.

It may be further said, before this chapter is closed, that though Mr. Jeck became in due time the lawful successor of the unfortunate Tossip in the possession of the Female Heart, yet all his enterprises did not prosper as well. For instance, it became known to Jeck, after a time, that Leela had disappeared from her usual haunts. He was loth to accept this conclusion, for he had at last found a man willing to furnish money to prosecute the claim, on condition of sharing the spoils. Whether there were spoils or not, this arrangement would make fees for Jeck, but just when it was ready, Leela was not to be found. When the lawyer was finally forced to admit that the woman had gone beyond discovery, it is reported that he struck a score or two of chords in the Female Heart with such a masterly touch that Mrs. Jeck (late Tossip) was well-nigh crazed.

CHAPTER IX.

A CLOUD NO BIGGER THAN A MAN'S HAND.

There is no novelty so fascinating, no sense of recent acquisition so delightful, as that which comes to young people in their first attempt at home building. In no other human pursuit, perhaps, is the resulting satisfaction so independent of the actual achievement.

Home-building by Hombert and Nell was an occupation which, it seemed, could never tire. It was not a large home they set out to make—that is, not large in its dimensions by feet and inches. Less than a dozen rooms from top to bottom, and those of moderate size, would have been the estimate of a house carpenter, or a mason, whose business it is to construct the outer shell—ornate or simple, of grand proportions or humble, it doesn't much matter—within which the home is to be made.

But, as the builders measured it, how ample was that house to be! It was to have room for all the happiness in the world! It was to accommodate, and without the least crowding, all the love, and confidence, and fond pride, and tenderness, that were worth possessing—which means all that possibly could be!

Ah! that happy, happy time! The time when Hombert, returning from his business in the evening, would find a little woman springing, with brightened face, to meet him, and then, the greeting over, sitting down by his side and chattering briskly of so many important home affairs which had not been discussed since he left the house six hours before, and were, therefore, in the saddest condition of neglect! Chatting thus until suddenly a shadow passed over the little woman's face—not a black shadow, not even a dark one—certainly not an unpleasant one in the pretty air of puzzled pensiveness it gave her—until finally she confessed the trouble somewhat in this way, perhaps:

"John, dear! I can't imagine what the man who built this house could ever have been thinking of, to make the wall in the sitting-room only so wide between the windows, and expect me to put there two wall pockets and a bracket which are that wide!"

"So wide" was the distance between Nell's outstretched hands, while "that wide" was so much bigger that it had to be marked out on the carpet with her dainty foot.

These, as any one may see, were extremely difficult matters. It is doubtful if any architect, or builder, with all the resources of his art, could have found an effectual remedy. But John could; and when he applied it—bless you! the "so wide" and the "that wide" and the puzzled pensive face all disappeared together.

And so, with infinite sweet pains, and a world of delightful anxiety, and no end of careful contriving, the home-building went on.

Mrs. Gardnill, with an added care in her face from her late troubles, seemed to have found peace at last beneath her happy daughter's roof. Even grandmother, to whom, indeed, all places appeared to be alike, so constant were her wanderings in that green oasis of her life—was most comfortably provided for in the way of quarters by the fire-corner. She patted her little trunk, and looked at the fire with half-closed eyes, and dreamed of her happy two years, as she had done for half a century.

In this way the quiet months sped on, and brought a tenderer hope and the promise of a deeper joy. There came to dwell in Nell's heart that wonderful enchantment—the grand mystery of the quickening of a new soul, the lighting of that conscious flame which, to human eyes, shall flicker and pale full many a time perhaps, but yet shall never go out through all eternity.

"John, dear," Nell said one day, sitting close to him, and looking very earnestly into his eyes, as he had seen her do often of late, "John, dear! if I were to die, John, what in all the world could I leave you that you would most love for me?"

"Why, my darling!" he answered cheerfully, to raise her spirits, "I should cherish everything that had been yours. But there are many happy years before that, darling. Why, I never knew you so well and hearty as now."

"I don't know, John, but I have been thinking of it a great deal lately. I should not, but I cannot help it. For—for I might leave you—a little baby, John."

She hid her face upon his shoulder, clinging to him as she never had before.

* * * * *

In truth, Nell improved wonderfully in general health and strength. When her baby was eighteen months old it was called Elsie, after Nell's grandmother. There was not a prouder mother nor a prettier child in all the town; and the little one brought a special blessing with it, for Nell had recovered from her old malady so rapidly that it was scarcely perceptible in her movements upon the closest watching, whereas her husband had seen it before they had been together five minutes at their first meeting.

Hombert was sitting with Nell one evening, taking turns at playing with two-year old Elsie, when he became aware of some change in his wife's manner. She appeared ill at ease at times, and once or twice she looked into his eyes with the close, searching gaze which he had remarked in her on several momentous occasions in the past. In the boat upon the lake; at the old home in Millfield, when he was protesting his devotion; and lastly, in the present home, when Nell had told him of the hope that had come to fruition in the little maiden on his knee—he had seen that earnest, searchful look in her eyes.

When the little one was fast asleep, Hombert spoke to Nell, out of the indefinable uneasiness which that well-remembered look had excited.

"You are not feeling well to-night, Nell," he said kindly.

She looked up at him quickly and anxiously, but answered quietly:

"Oh, yes; quite as well as usual, John, dear."

"I thought I saw an anxious look in your eyes my darling. Is anything troubling you? You know you cannot long hide it from me if there is."

The old searchful look came into her eyes unmistakably then, as she spoke almost sorrowfully:

"I do not know what would become of me if I should lose you, John."

"Why, what puts such thoughts into your head, Nell? I never had so good a lease of life in the world as I have now. I shall ripen into middle age the toughest fellow you ever saw."

"I did not mean in that way, John," she answered somewhat wearily.

"Not that way!" he exclaimed, surprised. "Why, my darling, what is this? I must look after you more carefully. I cannot have you giving way to such unhealthy fancies."

He took her tenderly in his arms, and spoke to her as softly and lovingly as he ever had.

She fell to crying gently, and said between her little sobs:

"I shall never deserve you, John. You are too good, too strong, too forbearing, to know the wicked, wicked thoughts that sometimes come to me."

He reproved her gently—so gently and kindly that she wept afresh, and made confession:

"Something that I heard—and saw—today, John, brought back to me many things, many hard and cruel things that I once believed, but had forgotten. I am ashamed to tell you more about it, John—I am ashamed to tell as much as this. But it came back so strangely, so suddenly, so strongly, that it seemed to carry me away in spite of all your love, which I never can—never, never can, deserve!"

He did not question her, though he wondered much; but with many assurances and a multitude of loving reproaches, he won her back to her usual self.

Nevertheless, this cloud, which was no bigger than a man's hand, was not dispelled.

Within a week, Hombert returned to his house one night to find Nell in tears. It was very much the same as before—something she had heard and seen had made her very miserable, very much unlike what she had come to be in her new life. He would have pressed her for a more definite explanation, but that she seemed to shrink from it so, breaking out into bewailings of her own unworthiness whenever his conversation seemed to point toward such an explanation.

When this had been repeated three or four times within two months, Hombert began to be very seriously troubled. It was the more alarming because each time it was harder to reassure her than it had been before. The trouble was beginning to affect her general demeanor toward her husband.

At length he counseled with Mrs. Gardnill concerning the little cloud which had grown so rapidly. That lady listened patiently, and then said that her attention had been attracted almost at the very beginning of the trouble.

But Mrs. Gardnill had looked at the matter with a much more sagacious eye than Hombert's. She had a definite and well-settled opinion as to the cause of Nell's changed demeanor. But she said that her opinion had been formed wholly upon conjecture, for she had been able to see no more than Hombert had. Therefore, she preferred not to express what were, at the best, but suspicions.

But would she oblige him with her advice?

Oh, certainly, if he cared for it, based on such foundation as she had mentioned. Her advice was to prevent Nell from taking her customary walk to the pretty shores of Bass Lake, once or twice a week, with little Elsie.

Hombert opened his eyes very wide at this, and pondered for some time in silence. At length he said gravely:

"I do not see how that is to be done, mother. To forbid her going, without some good reason which I can state to her, would seem harsh, if not worse, I fear. No, I cannot do it, while she withholds her confidence; the very fear that her going there may have something to do with the trouble, prevents me. It would, at least, look like suspicion of her; and God knows that I do not suspect my poor girl of anything—save, perhaps, of being unfortunate again!"

"I think you had better find some way to prevent her going," said Mrs. Gardnill.

"If she could only give me her full confidence," he went on, "it would be so very easy to get over every difficulty, I am sure."

"You are entitled to her fullest confidence, John; and if you don't deserve it as well, no man ever had such desert!" exclaimed Mrs. Gardnill. She was quite as partial to him as she had ever thought to be.

"I cannot insist upon it!" he replied. "It must be given freely, or not at all."

"There are few women who do not need a stiffer rein than you hold, John. I hope Nell may be one of those who do not," said the lady.

Nothing, therefore, came of this consultation. But in a few days Mrs. Gardnill sought an opportunity to renew the subject with her son-in-law. She had devised a substitute for the prohibition of the walks to Bass Lake. Could he not propose and carry through a visit to the East with Nell and Elsie? It was not a season of much activity in his business, and that fact of itself, she thought, would be a sufficient excuse for the visit at this time. If their absence could be prolonged for a month or two, it might have the same effect as forbidding the walks.

Hombert was willing enough to try any expedient, for he was greatly troubled by the change in Nell, which, indeed, so rapidly had it gone on, seemed now to appear each day in some unexpected way.

He spoke of the visit to the East. It had been often talked of, and the idea was, therefore, no new one to Nell. She received the proposal with a quick, suspicious glance which he had noted before as one of the unpleasant changes in her manner. But she expressed neither satisfaction nor the contrary.

He spoke of the visit again the following evening, and brought out a more open disclosure of her altered feelings than had yet been made.

"A man would go out of his way to avoid hurting a lame dog even, sooner than a well one?" Nell said slowly in an absent way. "Ah, me! why should I forget?"

Hombert was more than surprised—he was almost alarmed at this. In a moment, and before he spoke, he recalled the fact that he had used the words she had just said, in that well-remembered conversation in the boat. But what possible connection could those words have with the proposition he had made? What strange mental malady, what woful error, was here?

His heart was never tenderer toward her than when he said seriously and with painful concern:

"Nell, you are certainly ill! You are not at all yourself, my darling!"

She replied, in a tone that carried him back as resistlessly as did her words, to the time before he won her trust:

"I do not need to be told of that oftener than once a day, John. I am not likely to forget that in your eyes I am greatly changed."

"Why, do you not perceive it for yourself—is it not apparent to you in your own feelings?" he exclaimed, aghast at such an unexpected complaint.

"I make no denial," she said, strangely and coldly. "And I should not find fault. I was warned, but I would not heed it."

Amazed almost to the point of doubting his own consciousness—hurt beyond expression, as if a hundred spears had at the same instant smote his most cherished affections, piercing every tender, unguarded spot in his heart—he rose to his feet.

For the woman's sake, for his child's sake, if not for his own, should he not now assert his right, perhaps too long forborne? Yes!

"Nell!" he spoke steadily and with all the coolness he could command, "I have waited silently, if not patiently, for a voluntary explanation. I can wait no longer, it is my right—it is my duty—and I now demand to know what all this means!"

She replied with perfect calmness, almost carelessly:

"It means that my eyes are open at last! It means that I am tired of living with you and——"

"There! there!" he cried, reeling backward and turning his face from her—"Stop! Let me go! Let me go!"

He walked slowly to a door that led to an open porch.

"It is very hard, no doubt," said Nell's calm voice, "but it is always done. Always—always—always!"

He was so numbed that he did not heed the words, but went on out of the house.

* * * * *

It would be impossible to surprise a wife as Hombert was surprised in his domestic relations. Those affairs are so peculiarly the woman's province and care, that the man is apt to surrender their keeping entirely. The instinctive perception that this is fit, causes him to feel, when he is surprised as Hombert was, that he is attacked where he kept no guard, and where none should have been necessary. It is not an enemy from without; it is a revolt in his very citadel; and seems to leave him no ground to stand upon in defense. For anything else—for his property, for his position among men, even for his children—he is ready to plead or to fight; but he cannot contend for his wife's affection and allegiance.

These were among the bitter thoughts that came to Hombert as soon as he was able to think coherently about anything. What was left to him now? To play the suitor once more, and try to win her back so! Ah, no! The suitor may bleed at a frown from his mistress; but yet his heart is clothed as with a coat of mail in comparison with the infinite capacity for suffering which a husband must lay beneath the feet of an estranged wife. He had already undergone such exquisite pain that he shrank from inviting another repulse.

What was left to him now was to endure. Day by day he accustomed himself to this thought and this duty—for Nell's estrangement grew steadily. A thousand little marks of affection to which he was accustomed were now omitted, because she afforded him no opportunity; but he did not fail in a thousand other little offices which could be rendered and give no provocation to repulse. And all this time the nipping frosts were killing his love—withering it leaf and branch, so rapidly that he was startled when he reflected upon it—and leaving nothing but duty to bind him to her.

When several months had gone in this misery, the changed family sat down to tea one evening—all but Elsie. No one had noticed her absence until they took their places at the table.

Her mother called her name. There was no response.

"Where can the child be!" exclaimed Mrs. Gardnill, and rose from her seat to look through the house.

Presently she returned, saying with some trace of anxiety:

"She is nowhere in the house nor about it, as I can see."

Nell looked up with a startled air. Hombert left his place to look about the neighborhood.

In ten minutes he, too, returned, plainly troubled.

"It is very strange!" he said. "I can hear nothing of her. I am going out to look further. I fear she is lost."

Nell turned ghastly pale. With a cry which chilled the hearts of the others; so full was it of agony and terror and appeal, she sank to the floor insensible.

The cry which chilled their hearts was this:

"Leela!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

ROBBIE'S CHEMISTRY LESSON.

BY CELANIRE.

"Oh dear!" sighed Robbie, as he sat studying a very difficult lesson, "what is the use of bothering over chemistry, and learning all about oxygen and hydrogen and carbon? Don't see a bit of use in it, wish it were at the bottom of the Red Sea, so I do." And then, with a half-sob of despair, he sighed, "I never shall like chemistry, never, never, never."

"Oh, yes, you will, my boy," said a low voice at his side.

Robbie turned, and saw, seated on his little dictionary, a tiny man, scarcely a foot high. His hair and beard were white, but his eyes sparkled with the fire and merriment of youth; and while Robbie was wondering at him, the strange being again spoke.

"You wonder who I am, I suppose?" Well, to be brief, for I can't stay long, my name is Chemical Affinity. I am a king, and have under me powerful servants, the very Oxygen, Hydrogen and Carbon of whom you are now studying, with a host of others whose names you don't know.

"My servants obey me implicitly. I command, and behold! Trees spring up, water is supplied for drink, gas for light."

"Excuse me sir," interrupted Robbie timidly, "but I don't see how."

"You don't, eh, youngster?" laughed the old man, good-humoredly. "Well, I'll tell you. Look at that tree first outside of your window. It is built almost entirely by my servants, Carbon, Hydrogen and Oxygen. These three servants, or elements, as they are generally called, unite with each other in certain proportions, and form wood and leaves, as well as the sap that flows through every part of the tree; all plants are found in the same way, by my three servants."

"How queer!" said Robbie, becoming interested. "But won't you tell me please, what your servants look like?"

"Hydrogen is a transparent, colorless gas. Oxygen is also a gas, without smell or taste. Carbon, well you have seen him many a time, I daresay, either in the form of charcoal or diamonds."

"Charcoal or diamonds!" repeated Robbie, wonderingly. "Why, they don't look one bit alike."

"Very true," replied the old man. "And yet they are exactly the same thing. Men say it is owing to the different arrangement of particles in the two bodies. But that is one of my secrets."

"You said that your servants gave us water to drink, and gas to light us," said Robbie. "Won't you please explain that, sir?"

"Certainly. Hydrogen and Oxygen are the ones who supply the water. Every time a particle of Oxygen steps out, two particles of Hydrogen fly to embrace it, and you have a drop of water."

"That's queerer still," said Robbie. "I thought that you told me that Oxygen and Hydrogen were both gases. How can they turn to water?"

"So they are gases," answered the old man. "But it is one of my laws that when two of my servants unite, they must produce something entirely different from either.

"Now, as to the illuminating gas you ask about, that is made by burning coal. When it is first made it contains several impurities; these are removed, and only Carbon and Hydrogen remain. The gas which you burn is composed of these two elements."

"Hydrogen seems to be quite useful," observed Robbie.

"Yes," replied the old man, "but my servant Oxygen is still more useful."

"How so?"

"Well, he unites rapidly with wood and other substances, and gives a fire to warm you; he mingles with the air that enters your lungs, and makes your blood a bright red color. That is the reason why they tell you boys to play so much in the open air. The more fresh air you breathe, the more Oxygen you take in, and the richer and redder your blood becomes."

"Oxygen also has a strong liking for metals. When you once left your pen-knife all night out on the front steps, you found the blade quite rusty the next morning, did you not?"

"Yes," answered Robbie. "But they told me the dew did that."

"It was the Oxygen in the dew that seized upon the steel and produced rust. In fact, Oxygen is my chief destroying power. The moment that he spies any animal, or vegetable matter from which the life has departed, if it is only a fallen leaf or a dead butterfly, he seizes upon it, separates it bit by bit, and scatters it, in the form of carbonic acid gas, to the wind. This gas is disagreeable and poisonous to men and animals; but the plants everywhere seize eagerly on it, absorb the Carbon for their own nourishment, and set free the Oxygen.

"It is this Oxygen, remember, that you take into your lungs, and without which, neither men nor animals could live a moment. So you see that this particular servant is one of the most useful of any, for he helps to sustain life."

"Indeed, sir," said Robbie, "your servants are more useful than I ever knew."

"Ah, my boy, are you beginning to wake up to that fact? Let me hope you will study your chemistry more diligently in future. You should become acquainted with some others among my servants, quite as important in their way as the three of whom I have told you. Now I must go."

"Thank you for your kindness. Good-bye, sir." And Robbie reached out his hand to grasp the old man's, but he touched only the dictionary. The old man had vanished.

And, rubbing his eyes, it gradually dawned on him that he had been dreaming.

"Never mind," he cried, "dream or no dream, I shall certainly study my chemistry harder than ever, and try to find out more about this old man and his wonderful servants."

And Robbie is keeping his word.

A TURKISH DINNER PARTY.—Unless you look sharp you are apt to come in for a meagre share of viands; for the good things are no sooner served than the servant almost immediately whips them off again, no culinary preparation, however excellent, being thought worthy of being partaken of more than in two successive spoonfuls. Dish follows dish, and platter follows platter in quick succession; and the Turks, who do everything in a business manner, never think of talking when they are eating. The greatest compliment you can pay your neighbor at dinner is to tear some tid-bit off a fowl or a leg of mutton, and put it into his plate. During dinner water in a crystal cup was handed to such as asked for it; and as soon as dinner was over everybody rinsed his mouth and hands, when pipes were introduced. Now, for the first time, the host would ask what sport we had, which would lead to conversation about English guns and powder. This would be followed by a cup of coffee, and then our host would retire for the night to a separate house inhabited by his harem, and leave us master of the place.

UNLUCKY DAYS.—An old Latin manuscript, of the time of Henry the Eighth, contains an account of certain days alleged to be unlucky. It says, "These are the evil days according to old philosophers amongst the greeks. For if on any of those days a child be born, it shall die soon; if any one fall ill, he shall never get well; if any one undertake a long journey, he shall never return; if any one marry, he shall soon be separated from his wife, or else they shall live together in the greatest misery, he shall never attain the desired end." The unlucky days are then enumerated as follows:—January 1, 2, 4, 5, 9, 11, and 20. February 16, 17, and 19. March 15, 16, and 18. April 7. May 15 and 17. June 6. July 15 and 19. August 19 and 20. September 16 and 17. October 6. November 14 and 17. December 6, 7 and 9.

FACETIÆ

"A figure of speech"—The 4th of July.

The Transit of Mercury—The changes in the thermometer.

To schoolmasters: Mind your eyes! In other words, watch the pupils.

Mosquitoes are noted for starting "roomers," particularly at night, at the watering places.

Ants are killed by chalk, so it is said; but any milk pitcher will prove the same remedy is not effectual with flies.

A western journal remarks that "wind is cheap." This goes to confirm the sailor's impression that it is a good thing for sail.

No matter how excellent a phrenologist may be, he cannot read character from the "bumps" of a man tumbling down stairs.

In recounting the advantages of summer, very few of the old poets have mentioned what a splendid excuse the heat offers for taking an extra number of drinks.

"Medical boots" are said to be a Pennsylvania invention. It is supposed they are the kind used by the old man in earing the gentle youth of a tender passion for his daughter.

Actions undoubtedly speak louder than words. The wasp cannot speak, but when he says "drop it," in his own inimitable way, neither boy or man shows any remarkable desire to hold on.

If the young man over the way is learning the accordeon, give him "Robinson Crusoe" to read, and after pointing out its many charms, tell him there are still many attainable and uninhabited islands in the Pacific Ocean.

It is the observance of the little rules of politeness that always brings us the sweetest return. Thus, while it is quite correct to smile at the bar-keeper, a "wink" is the correct thing to the less fastidious, but more observant, soda-water clerk.

No person can leave his native land and go abroad without the deepest sorrow of heart. Yet it is not because they are homesick that they lean over the ship's rails in such a woe-begone manner, and proclaim their misery to the deep blue sea.

Economy is wealth. And it cannot be too forcibly brought to the minds of young married folks, that if they are as economical in some respects—such as both sitting on one chair, etc—after the event as they were before, they cannot well fail of becoming wealthy.

It is wrong to teach girls anatomy, as is the case in some public schools. Let but once discover the excessive tenderness of the masculine shin, and, as a wife, she enters into the usual battles of the domestic arena with ninety-nine per cent. of the chances for victory in her favor.

Human wishes are proverbially rain. Naturally in such weather we long for an Alpine glacier, or Polar iceberg to cool our fevered brows, but because these are unattainable, what decided objection is there to such comminuted rigidity as is represented by the cobbler or mint julep?

So far as is known, none have yet noticed that one of the effects of a boy's patriotic observance of the Fourth with a pistol is to confine the measurement of his toddies when grown older, to such accuracy and rule as can be ascertained by the application of two or, at the most, three fingers.

In her dispute with St. Louis as to the largest population, Chicago does not include the great number of her most eminent citizens, bankers, etc., in Europe and South America. Still we think the former city offsets this preponderance by those of her own children who are in the penitentiaries and jails generally.

It is possible that the microphone, or some other acoustic invention will, in time, be brought to such perfection that the highly interested female neighbor listening in the back shed, will be able to tell from the character of her yells whether the woman next door is having a fight with her husband, or only going into hysterics at the sight of a cockroach.

No one has yet explained why a man is so fearfully modest about wearing a new suit of clothes for the first time, while a woman under similar circumstances is crazy until she exhibits them to the public. The first reference in history to garments in any shape, is connected with women's doing, and perhaps that influence still at work may have something to do with it.

TREAT PROMPTLY.—Cramps, Diarrhœa, Asiatic Cholera, and all Bowel Affections, with Dr. Jayne's Carminative Balsam, and you will obtain speedy relief, and promote a certain cure.

MIDSUMMER.

BY MRS. MOORE.

Lo! from yonder rising upland
Springs the dewy-footed Morn,
Sweeping with her waving garments
Through the fields of waving corn.
Through the vale she quickly glideth,
Breathing on the billowy grain,
And, like amber wavelets flowing,
See it sparkle o'er the plain.

Now she bends beside the fountain
In the deep and dark ravine,
Bathes her lips and sunny forehead,
Wreathes her brow with garlands green.
In the grand old woods she wanders,
Through the blossoming leafy bowers,
Weaving in a perfumed chaplet
Tender buds and charming flowers.

To the lightly-dancing streamlet
Breatheth she sweet notes of glee,
As adown the rocks it leapeth,
Laughing o'er the loving tea.
In her eyes you see no traces
Of the depths of natal gloom
Which her parent, Night, enshrouded,
As she weeping left his tomb.

Light of heart, she onward hastens,
Humming o'er the water's tune,
While, upon the hilltops sleeping,
Waits her younger sister, Noon.
Morn awakes her with her kisses,
And the beauty lifts her eyes
On the sunny vales and uplands
Where the grass enameled lies.

Flinging back her golden tresses,
Waving in voluptuous light,
Now the graceful Noon arises,
Glorious in her sister's sight.
Then the maiden Morn departeth,
And sweet Noon walks forth alone,
Languishing beside the fountains
For her lovely sister flown.

Every hour she grows still sadder,
Every hour she mourns in vain,
Till at length the star-crowned Evening
Hastens o'er the lonely plain;
Struck with wonder at the beauty
Even of her fading charms,
Evening bows entranced before her,
And she sleeps within his arms.

SWEET IS TRUE LOVE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "MILDRED TREVANION," &c.

CHAPTER I.

"So, for the sake of a paltry ten-pound note, I must stay away from the only ball I ever cared to go to!" exclaimed Miss Blount indignantly. "Well, I must say I think it hard—very hard—more than most girls of my age would bear!"—concluding her slightly mutinous speech with hurried bitterness, and turning aside to the window as an ominous rising in her throat gave warning that it was high time her eloquence should come to an end.

"Eh? Well! What are you complaining of now, Kate!" demanded the person addressed, raising his head abstractedly from the paper he was studying, with that far-away look in his face which most people acquire when their thoughts are in the clouds, and which is, of all expressions, the most aggravating to those on the watch for sympathy. "Oh, that everlasting ball of the Tautons, eh? Well, I told you before it could not be, you know, and that should be sufficient. For Heaven's sake, do stop that devil's tattoo on the window-pane, unless you want to give me a headache with your restlessness!"

"But why cannot I go?" the girl went on, persistently facing the enemy once more as she spoke. "I don't very often ask you for money, as you must allow, and——"

"It is utterly out of the question," interrupted her father languidly, "so put it out of your head once for all. I could not let you have a farthing just now—even supposing it were a matter of life or death—being as hard up as I well can be—my usual condition, bye-the-bye. Look here, Katherine; if Barrington calls while I am away, send him up to the square field, will you, where I am going about those partridges? Come, Belle, Gallant, get up, you lazy brutes!"—disturbing with his foot, as he finished speaking, two magnificent pointers as they lay dozing beside his chair.

The coolness of the refusal, knowing, as she did, how idly and selfishly her father's money was spent, together with his whole bearing, roused Miss Blount's quick temper beyond control.

"It would be better for you to give up your hunters and dress your daughter properly, than to go on living beyond your means in the dishonorable way you are now doing!" she cried passionately, her fine eyes flashing.

"That is just one of the many points on which you and I so totally disagree," Archibald Blount answered pleasantly, no whit moved from his usual calm, gentlemanly demeanor by his daughter's vehemence, moving indolently out of the room as he concluded, and closing the door with almost womanly gentleness behind him.

When he was gone, the girl clenched her small hands tightly together to keep down the rebellious tears, and, leaning her head back against the shutter, strove hard to suppress the feelings that rose so angrily within her.

As she thus stood, battling bravely with her thoughts, the dazzling August sun shone brightly down upon her, flushing her hair and face and figure with its gay warmth, so as literally to frame her in its yellow gold—and a very beautiful face it was to frame, richly tinted, changeable, and passionate, expressing only too clearly at times the secret workings of her heart. Her eyes were singularly lovely, of a deep hazel, large, and sometimes touching in their pathos; albeit it must be confessed that she was by no means angelic in her tendencies, her celestial qualities being decidedly few and far between, and heavily blended with our coarser earth besides. Her mouth was not small, nor was it perfect, and her color was an unmistable gipsy-brown; but for all that she was as sweet and lovable and perverse a creature as ever decorated the earth or broke the heart of man.

Numerous were the victims who cried for quarter to Miss Blount; indeed, she had it very much her own way with the sterner sex, few being able to withstand her tender, wild, childish beauty, even hardy veterans giving in hopelessly to the little queen who thinned their ranks so mercilessly. Old and young, grave and gay, succumbed without a murmur to her smiles.

With women however she scarcely got on so well, her exquisite, unsatisfied face being no passport to their favor. They could see no charms in it for their part—voted her "odd—peculiar—horribly fast—barely good-looking," according to each speaker's own view of the case, and sought to "keep her down" with all their might, though to no purpose; for, after employing all the energy they were capable of to reduce her to the common level, they were fain to confess that Katherine heeded them not. She lived her life alone, careless of their approbation or the reverse, and but for Harriet Charteris would, in all probability, have possessed no female friend.

Her father, Archibald Blount, was cold, and selfish to the heart's core. No love for his beautiful child ever warmed or brightened the stagnant feelings of his breast; but to him she was little more than an encumbrance, the unwished-for consequence of a regretted marriage.

It was small wonder the girl should, under the circumstances, pay but little outward respect to his wishes or commands, though in her inmost heart there lay hidden for him a lasting love, far stronger than even she herself believed could possibly have existed for the father who held her in such slight estimation, and spent his time in racing or betting, or gambling away the small income—a remnant of his once princely fortune—that sufficed to keep them from utter destitution.

She was a neglected flower, a tender creature growing up unheeded and unloved, at least by him who ought to have been her chief counsellor, but who, if ever he bestowed a thought upon her, dreamed only of the time when her marvellous beauty should procure her a wealthy suitor, and so bring him the only thing he really cared for—money. Small wonder was it either if Katherine Blount herself discovered early an intense longing for money, for the wealthy freedom that should at all hazards release her from the influence of poverty and its attendant curses.

Leaning back now, with her head against the woodwork of the window, she almost swore to herself that no love-dreams should come between her and her hopes of earthly riches; and, as she so thought with bitter earnestness, her revery was suddenly broken in upon by the entrance of a young man of about four-and-twenty, who, coming over to the window, sank lazily into a chair directly opposite to her. For a moment he gazed wonderingly at the girl's half-averted sorrowful face, whereon the recent tears had left their silent traces; after which scrutiny he inquired, without any very great regard to the selection of his language—

"What's up!"

"For goodness' sake, why cannot you speak proper English?" Miss Blount asked pettishly, glancing swiftly round from the window as she spoke. "What's up!"—now how am I to understand what you mean by that, unless"—with a short laugh—"you mean my temper? That is 'up' to all intents and purposes, I allow you. Did you mean it?"

"No, my dear, I did not;" the young man answered calmly; "I am only anxious to learn what it is that has grieved you during my absence. Will you tell me?"

"What is the use?" Miss Blount inquired, still with the sense of injury full upon her. "You cannot help me, and most probably, if I told you my grievance, would only consider me silly. All men consider a girl frivolous if she happens to wish for a little more than the common necessaries of life, you know."

"There is an exception to every rule, so put me out of that list," her companion answered, getting up from his seat and possessing himself of one of the nervous hands that for the past few minutes had been endeavoring most laudably to work a hole in the handkerchief they held. "I do not belong to it, as I could hardly think you frivolous even if I tried, or—or anything else unpleasant, I fancy; so tell me your misfortune, and let me assist you if I can."

"Well, it is all about the Tauton's ball," the girl murmured, softened by his evident sympathy, and reddening furiously the while, but refusing, crimson nevertheless, to remove her eyes from his. "I cannot go because I have no dress nice enough, and papa will not give me a new one—that is all; so now confess at once that you think me ridiculous, and have done with it."

"Poor little thing!" was all the other said, but his eyes wandered out to the glowing garden, whither his thoughts followed, running riot amongst the flowers, as he concocted all sort of schemes for the express purpose of gratifying Katharine's last whim. Of course she should have a dress, but who would choose it for him, and, when chosen, how should he persuade her to accept it? And then he wondered what color would be most becoming to the perplexed little beauty at his side; after which he got puzzled, and fell to wondering about many other things quite as Quixotic as they were agreeable.

Miss Blount, who was watching his countenance with furtive anxiety, guessed quite correctly all the ideas that were tormenting him, and was immensely amused accordingly.

"It is of no use, Blackwood," she said—"you cannot help me. Give it up, dear boy, and I dare say presently I shall be reconciled to my fate; but"—and here the softness vanished, the old hard look taking its place—"I swear that, if I can avoid it, I will not end my days in this kind of poverty: I will marry riches, or not at all."

He dropped her hand hurriedly, almost rudely, and turned away.

"Money does not always mean happiness," he said.

"But poverty is always unhappiness," she retorted quickly.

"Tita," he reasoned, after a moment's pause—she generally went by the name of "Tita"—short for Titania—with her most intimate friends, on account of her fairy-like proportions—"Tita, for Heaven's sake do not place too much dependence upon riches; they will fail you in the end, my dearest—believe me, they will—whereas love that never dies, and a life sufficiency, will carry you through all difficulties."

"As, for instance?" she asked, half mockingly. But, whatever arguments on the subject of what the much discussed topic, "a true love" may be, she was never doomed to hear them, as at this juncture the door was once more opened slowly, to admit Archibald Blount. He advanced in his usual well-bred manner until he had reached the table, whereon he deposited a piece of crumpled paper.

"I have changed my mind, Katherine," he said. "Here is a ten-pound note for you; so you can go to this much-coveted ball, if you wish."

"Oh, papa," exclaimed Miss Blount, regretting bitterly now all the hasty words and thoughts she had been indulging in, "forgive me! I do not deserve your kindness, I know, after what I said to you a few moments ago, but, believe me, I am very grateful to you." Yet still she did not move forward to kiss him, as perhaps a more beloved daughter would have done.

"Do not distress yourself, my dear," her father replied, with the faintest inflection of sarcasm in his voice. "I am so well accustomed to your numerous little tender speeches, you know, that they ceased to embarrass me ere long this;" and so saying he went out, closing the door carefully behind him.

"I have wronged him," Miss Blount said with extreme compunction, when she was again alone with her cousin. "I have wronged him greatly both in word and thought; but that is just like me, is it not—so ready to judge, so quick to condemn, and never hesitating a moment to think before I speak! Ah, if I could only change my nature in some things. I do believe in the end I might learn to be happy!"

"And are you not happy now, Tita?" Blackwood asked, gazing down with unspeakable tenderness upon the disconsolate little person beside him, who, with folded hands and moistened eyes, looked blankly out of the window; and as he spoke he took her chin between his hands, turning her face towards him.

"Not as happy as I might be," she answered, glancing back into the face above her own—as brave, kindly, and true a face as a woman need care to see—"not as happy as most of the girls I know. Do you know, at times I am even miserably discontented with my lot? But there—it is my portion in this life to have trouble, I suppose, so I dare say by-and-by I shall get used to it."

"Katherine," said Blackwood wistfully, "my darling, I cannot bear to hear you talk like this. I wish to Heaven I had it in my power now to shield you from every grief and pain; but at present what can I do? Perhaps afterwards—in time—if you will wait a little——"

"Hush!" Miss Blount interrupted him quickly, eagerly, laying her hand with unconscious vehemence upon his arm, while a spasm of intense pain shot across her face. "Hush, Blackwood—you must not speak to me like that! I will not have it. You are my cousin—my brother—the dearest a girl could have, but nothing more—never anything more."

The expression of Blackwood's eyes changed.

"Do not pretend to make any mistake," he said, almost sternly, unloosing her fingers from his arm and holding them firmly between his own. "You know as well as I do that, for everything the world contains, I would not be your brother. You know also that I will be to you all or nothing."

"It must be nothing then," the girl answered very sadly, though firmly, but not daring this time to raise her eyes to his; after which she walked away slowly to the door without another word. Arrived there however, she lingered—womanlike—with the handle in her hand, to see if he would not make some answer to her last cruel speech; but she waited in vain.

Blackwood made no reply; and, glancing involuntarily towards the window, to where the autumn sun was gleaming brightly upon his upright figure, she could see that the dark, handsome, loyal face was white to the very lips.

Blackwood Craven was Miss Blount's first cousin, as far as relationship went, but in reality he had ever been far more to her than that term generally signifies; in her babyhood he had been her companion, in her girlhood a brother, and ever since she had reached the age of seventeen—now three years since—her steady and constant lover.

His father had died when the boy was still in his infancy, and the mother, dying some few years later, had confided the child on her death-bed to her only brother, Archibald Blount, together with a few hundred pounds, and an earnest prayer that he would do the best he could for her little one. This prayer Mr. Blount attended to as carefully as it was in his indolent, selfish nature to attend to anything unconnected with his own personal interests, sending his nephew to school and from school to college, with the money entrusted to his care, until the lad had finished his education, and had come home at last, only to fall madly in love with his beautiful cousin. Then it is hard to say what would have become of the handsome, restless fellow, had not a brother of his father's come forward, and obtained for him a commission in a Line regiment—a profession very much suited to the young man's own tastes and inclinations.

This same relative, dying soon after, left his nephew two hundred a year—whereas he might quite as easily have left him two thousand—upon which, and his pay as lieutenant, Blackwood Craven found it excessively difficult to get through his days and live respectably without incurring too numerous liabilities.

His attachment to Katherine Blount was the one ruling passion of his life. She was part of his existence. He worshipped the girl with blind idolatry, pouring out on her a generous wealth of love of which she was scarcely worthy. In his eyes however she was perfection, no flaw ever appearing to his stricken sight powerful enough to dim the faultlessness of his idol, while he ever dreamed fondly, unceasingly, of the time when this woman, who was to him a very goddess, should be his

His poverty was an unsurmountable barrier in the present, it was true; but in time, if she would only consent to wait a little—and something whispered to him that he was surely more to her than all the other men who thronged around her and basked in her sweet smiles—he would conquer fortune bravely, and claim her honorably for his own. So he argued; and not all Katherine's speeches or hasty frowns could entirely check the mad longings of his heart.

At present indeed the utter hopelessness of his project would strike himself, and dispel all his pleasant castles in the air, when he would make up his mind to fly to the uttermost parts of the earth, and so escape the fascinations of her presence—all which intentions were very wise and laudable so long as they lasted, which was precisely until Miss Blount's irresistible, piquant, brilliant face smiled on him once more, when he would again fling to the winds all his settled dreams of flight, and, hugging closely the bright deceptive present, refuse to look forward into the bitter future.

Such scenes as that just described had become of late very frequent between them—a warfare in which each sometimes came off victorious. To-day indeed the game was in Miss Blount's small hands, however it might be to-morrow; and yet somehow, in spite of her triumph, the girl felt a certain heavy weight lying coldly upon her heart, as she closed the library door and walked forward into the hall.

"What can be the matter with me?" she asked herself impatiently, pushing back her hair wearily from her forehead. "Blackwood's face is haunting me, and I seem to have lost all longing for this ball I was so ready to cry about five minutes ago. I want air, I suppose, to dispel my fancies, so I will just order my horse and go over to Harriet Charteris' to see if she cannot rouse me from this strange depression"—having come to which decision, she gave her order to a passing servant, and went slowly and listlessly up the stairs to exchange her morning-dress for her habit.

CHAPTER II.

Harriet Charteris was Miss Blount's only friend and adviser; and naturally she was as unlike Miss Blount both in disposition and appearance as it was possible for her to be. She was fair, of middle stature, lived at about three miles from Blount Manor, and was possessed of considerable attractions, a handsome house, a husband, two charming sons, and as many admirers as any woman need care to count; she was "fast," she talked a little slang, she was adored by her husband, and by at least half a dozen of his male acquaintances, and she flirted a good deal, besides all which, as might have been expected, she hunted.

Yes, she actually hunted, not like most girls, who go to the meet simply to see the hounds throw off, and then ride innocently home again, but straight over the hedges and ditches, at the very heels of the men, in the most disgracefully masculine manner imaginable. Why, it was only the other day that she actually got a fall jumping over a "blackbird," tore her habit to pieces, and had every man in the field about her in less than two minutes, when, instead of being heartily ashamed of herself and going home directly to her poor little neglected babes, she must needs mount her horse again and come in second at the "finish."

Indeed the feeling amongst her own sex had been strengthening day by day against pretty light-hearted Mrs. Charteris ever since her husband had first brought her home to his handsome residence; and matters might have come to a decisive climax had not the all-powerful Duchess of Alwyn been so struck by her prowess in the hunting-field as to demand an introduction immediately, taking particular care to be civil to her ever afterwards both at home and abroad.

The charming Lady Florence followed in her mother's footsteps, and declared her to be "of all women the most charming, don't you know;" while the Duke himself, who was rather a "rough customer," and devoted to "pluck" of all kinds, gave it as his own strictly private opinion that the woman who could take "that last fence" so gallantly "must be a trump, sir, begad, and game to the end," with various other recommendations to the same effect, more forcible perhaps than elegant.

This aristocratic intervention slightly turned the tide in Mrs. Charteris' favor as far as knowing her went, though it only heightened private hatred and resentment. Not that she ever did anything to cause this unrelenting animosity, beyond dressing better and looking lovelier and gaining more admiration in a day than her neighbors could ever hope to receive in their lives; but then what woman can ever forgive any of these three things? Certainly Mrs. Charteris' neighbors were unfriendly to the last degree, which was perhaps the primary cause of the great friendship subsisting between her and Katherine Blount.

Charlie Charteris, her husband, was a confirmed bookworm—a naturalist—and spent most of his time in a little "den" of his own, littered pretty nearly from floor to ceiling with dried ferns, wingless insects, obnoxious reptiles, and torn, tattered parchments. Here he spent the greater part of his day, and here his wife—whose favorite resort it was, and who had admission at all hours—seated on the top of some of his choicest papers, seemed to shed beauty and warmth around the silent pre-occupied man, to whom she was as a bright sunbeam, and who possessed, whole and entire, the deep affection of her warm pure heart.

Such was Katherine Blount's chosen friend; and to Castle Park it was that she wended her way, riding slowly and meditatively through the green lanes and under the branching trees, which shed soft showers of faded leaves upon her head, until she arrived at her destination, where she made the slightly disconcerting discovery that, in spite of her determination not to do so when leaning, she had thought of nothing but Blackwood Craven's dark dejected face the entire way.

"Tita my dearest, is it really you?" cried Mrs. Charteris, running merrily down the broad stone steps of the entrance to Miss Katherine, as the latter flung herself impatiently out of the saddle without a moment's warning. "I am so awfully glad to see you. Come in and spend the day with me—do. Charlie has just got some new insect with forty legs, and wings to correspond, so he is lost to me for goodness knows how long, and it will be quite charitable of you to take pity on me. But what is the matter with you, darling? Are you vexed about anything?"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Point of Honor.

Shortly after Waterloo had been fought, an English regiment, stationed in a Mediterranean garrison, gained an unenviable notoriety there by a sudden mania for duelling that broke out amongst its officers. Quarrels were literally "made to order" at mess-time for the most trifling affairs, and scarcely a day passed without a hostile meeting taking place. The Colonel of the force, powerless to prevent it, was compelled to relinquish his command and return to England. On his arrival he sought and gained an interview with the Duke of Wellington, to whom he gave a graphic account of the state of affairs which existed in the regiment he had just left.

The Iron Duke listened attentively to the narration, and when the latter had finished speaking, exclaimed:

"It is your fault, sir! You should have brought some of the ringleaders to a court-martial, and cashiered them on the spot. You have sadly neglected your duty, and that is a thing which I never pardon."

The colonel left the Horse Guards in a very crest-fallen state, and he was hardly surprised when he saw in the next *Gazette* the announcement that "His Majesty had no further need of his services."

In the meantime the Duke had obtained a special audience of the Prince Regent, to whom he explained the condition of affairs in connection with the regiment in question. The result of the interview was that Colonel A——, a well-known martinet, then on half-pay, was sent for, and the circumstances explained to him; the Prince offered him the command of the regiment on condition that he would undertake to cure the duelling propensities of its officers.

Colonel A—— was delighted at the prospect of active service, and he willingly accepted the task assigned to him.

On his arrival at the garrison he lost no time in making himself acquainted with his brother officers. He chatted pleasantly with all, from the senior major down to the youngest ensign; and when the cloth was removed, regaled them with the latest gossip and doings of London society. Before they separated for the night, however, he took the opportunity of informing them in a very quiet manner, that he had heard of the frequent duels which had lately taken place in the corps. "However," he said, "if it be your wish, gentlemen, to fight out your quarrels in this way, I shall interpose no obstacle to your doing so. But this can only be by your pledging your word of honor now, to the effect that in future no duel shall take place without my permission having been first obtained." This promise was readily given.

On the following morning, the Colonel was rudely awakened by a loud rapping at his chamber door; and on challenging his early visitors, he was informed that it was Captain Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle who wished to speak to him on a matter of the gravest importance.

"You might have chosen a more convenient hour for your visit, gentlemen," said the Colonel.

"It is an 'affair of honor,'" was the significant reply, "and cannot be delayed. We beg you will admit us instantly."

The Colonel arose and opened the door to the early comers. They were two handsome young men, who had on the previous evening already attracted his attention by the extreme friendliness which they exhibited for each other. They respectfully saluted their commanding officer as they entered the room, and the latter broke an awkward silence by demanding of them the cause of their visit.

"It is a very serious matter, Colonel," said Ensign Warbottle; "and it is this. After you had left the table last night, we chatted over what you had told us about the doings in London lately; and in the enthusiasm of the moment, I remarked that I should like to be there, riding at the head of a troop of Life Guards, and escorting the Prince Regent, with my silver helmet glittering in the sun and my drawn sword in my hand. Whereupon Lord Vellum said, with a sneer, that I was a feather-bed soldier, and that a leathern helmet would be quite good enough for such as I. I took no notice of this remark; but I was annoyed and excited; and when he asserted that the officers of the Life Guards wore brass helmets, human nature could stand it no longer, and I gave him the lie. He retaliated by striking me on the face; an insult, which justifies me, I think, in demanding a hostile meeting." The last words were said in a manner which admitted of only one meaning, and the two young officers exchanged glances of mutual hatred and defiance.

"Very well," replied the colonel gravely, "far be it from me to interpose any obstacle to your meeting, gentlemen; but this duel must be a serious one, as befits such so important an affair as the Life Guards' helmets, and not an affair resulting in a mere scratch, as I am given to understand is generally the case in these mess quarrels. Remember that you are British officers and not Spanish bravos, and that the honor of a British officer can only be vindicated by the death of his opponent. Go, gentlemen, and fight your duel; and I will meet the survivor on his return."

The two young men saluted the Colonel and retired. A few minutes afterwards they and their seconds were seen hurrying off to the place of meeting—a spot which is known in the garrison to this day as "Duel Avenue."

* * * * *

Three hours later, the Colonel went down into the parade-ground to inspect the regiment, and was surprised to see both Lord Vellum and Ensign Warbottle amongst the officers who approached him to give their morning salute. The latter had his arm in a sling; and to the stern inquiry as to whether the duel had yet taken place, he replied, with a forced smile lighting up his face: "Yes, colonel; his lordship has given me a nasty scratch in the arm."

"A scratch in the arm!" exclaimed the Colonel contemptuously. "And do you call *that* fighting, gentlemen—do you call *that* fighting? And for so important a question as the helmets of His Majesty's Life Guards! Bah! it is nothing! This matter must be fought over again, under pain of instant dismissal from the service if my order be disobeyed!"

This alternative was one not to be thought of; and it need scarcely be said that the young fire-eaters chose rather to fight again than be cashiered. The duel was fought again, and this time Lord Vellum was shot through the body—a wound which laid him on a sick-bed for two months.

During this long period many quarrels had taken place at the mess table, some of which had been settled by the Colonel acting as "arbitrator;" and others stood over for his permission to fight—a permission which he refused to grant until the result of Lord Vellum's illness should become known.

The young Lord was carefully attended to during his sickness by his "friend and enemy" Ensign Warbottle, to whose efforts he not only owed his life, but was enabled at the end of the two months to take a short walk every morning.

The two friends were walking together one morning, when they suddenly found themselves face to face with the Colonel.

"Ah, gentlemen, good-morning!" exclaimed the latter. "I am delighted to see his lordship out again, especially as it will now enable you to finish your affair of honor in a more satisfactory manner."

The young officers, scarcely believing their own ears, were for a time struck dumb with astonishment, and they gazed at each other and at the Colonel with looks of bewilderment and despair.

"But," said the young ensign, "his lordship has not recovered yet; besides"——

"When one can walk," interrupted the Colonel, "one can also fire off a pistol; and it is not conducive to the interests and dignity of the service that so important a question as the equipment of His Majesty's body-guard should any longer be left undecided."

The two young officers, who had cemented their friendship anew during the period of illness, here took each other's hands and gazed long and silently into each other's face. Colonel A—— turned away to hide his emotion; for being really possessed of a kindly disposition, he began to regret the stern and unbending part he had been called upon to perform. Brushing the signs of his weakness away from his eyes, he turned once more towards the young officers and said: "Gentlemen, I have orders from England to supercede you in the regiment to which we all have the honor to belong; and I am only to waive the execution of these orders on condition that the duel is renewed, as already stated."

So saying, the Colonel left the two friends to decide upon their own fate. They ultimately decided to consult with their brother officers on the subject, and to be guided by the general opinion. This opinion turned out to be in favor of another fight; and they once more proceeded to the place of meeting, each mentally resolving not to injure the other, but each exchanging portraits and letters for their friends. The fatal weapons were discharged, and Ensign Warbottle fell to the earth with a shot buried in his heart.

The grief of Lord Vellum knew no bounds, for he had been led to believe that the balls had been withdrawn from the pistols. He threw himself on the inanimate body of his friend, and could with great difficulty be removed therefrom. At length he was conducted to the house of a married officer; and from there he indited a letter to the Colonel, tendering his resignation, and reproaching the latter with the death of his friend.

It was a rude lesson that these officers had received, but it fully accomplished its purpose, and from that day to this duelling has been almost unknown in the British army.

SCIENTIFIC AND USEFUL.

ASBESTOS.—If a piece of paper be placed between two sheets of asbestos and the whole submitted to such heat that the paper will be burned, whatever writing or printing had been on the paper will, nevertheless, be then still legible. This fact has just been turned to practical use. Albums of asbestos are made in Germany for the protection of bank notes and other documents in case of fire.

PORTLAND CEMENT.—Portland cement is made near Rochester, England, in this way: Gray chalk is intimately mixed with one fourth of its weight in clay in a pug mill supplied with warm water, and is then run off into a settling pond, where the superfluous water is removed. The sediment is dried on a floor specially constructed and provided with flues, then burned in kiln, and lastly, ground between millstones.

THE BITE OF THE COBRA.—No physiological antidote has yet been found for the poison of the cobra and other venomous reptiles of India, which caused the death of 17,000 persons and over 3,000 cattle in the year 1873. The chloride of platinum is a chemical antidote neutralizing the virus almost entirely when mixed with it out of the body; but when the poison has once entered the system the same drug is powerless to prevent or check its fatal effect.

SELF-WINDING CLOCK.—A German has invented a self-winding clock, in which the winding machinery is operated by the alternate expansion and contraction of glycerine, or other suitable liquid. A piston, on the surface of the glycerine, is so connected with ratchet wheels and toothed racks, that motion in either direction will wind up the weight. The inventor thinks that the contrivance will be especially valuable for self-registering meteorological instruments.

ANTIDOTE FOR POISON.—A poison of any conceivable description and degree of potency, which has been intentionally or suicidally swallowed, may, it is said, be rendered almost instantly harmless by simply swallowing two gills of sweet oil. A person with a very strong constitution should take nearly twice the quantity. This oil, it is alleged, will most positively neutralize every form of vegetable, animal, or mineral poison with which physicians and chemists are acquainted.

FOSSIL INSECTS.—Mr. Goss, the eminent geologist, in a recent paper on the fossil insects of the secondary period, has shown that those are rarely met with in the British strata, and that the principal specimens of the Continent of Europe have been taken from the Swiss Alps, or from the Solenhofen slate of Bavaria. No new forms have been met with differing so much from those of existing insects as to require a new order for their classification, such as had to be done in the case of the fossils of vertebrate animals, for example.

ALCOHOLIC DRINKS.—A recent London letter to the *Medical Times* gives an interesting abstract of a lecture by Dr. Alfred Carpenter, on "Alcoholic Drinks as Diet, as Medicines, and as Poisons." The lecturer considered that alcohol in any of its forms may be a good medicine, but it is a bad diet, and that its action as a poison is visible among all ranks of society." He summed up its effects very strikingly in saying that "work which is kept going by continuous doses of alcohol, always ends in a break down. If it is taken for the purpose of increasing muscular power, as all athletes know. If mental exertions are kept going by alcohol, there is a mental break down, as the lunatic asylums testify."

CHLORIDE OF LIME.—The *Scientific American* says: "A new process for the expeditious manufacture of dry chloride of lime has been invented by Mr. E. Maietra, of Paris, which consists in the employment of mechanical means for stirring, agitating, or mixing the powdered lime and the chloride of lime as fast as it is formed, in such a manner as to expose all the molecules of these substances in succession to the continuous action of the gaseous chlorine, which is introduced under favorable conditions for combining with the lime, and is rapidly absorbed by the latter. In order to insure regularity, it has been found necessary to couple at least two apparatus together, so as to admit of the chlorine being directed into either, as required. The process is very rapid, and is carried out with great facility, and without any waste of chlorine."

FEMININITIES.

Not one man in a thousand marries the girl he most wanted.

Scolding is the pepper of matrimony; the ladies are pepper boxes.

Woman may be content, may even be gay, without love; but she cannot be happy.

When a woman begins to drink her tea without sugar, that's a symptom of old-maidhood.

A woman, fond as she may be of talking, could more easily close forever her mouth than her heart.

Women are too apt to think that certain vices in a young man, like moles upon a fair skin, are beauty-spots.

Miss Sedgwick says that the more intelligent a woman becomes, the more judiciously will she manage her household concerns.

A man that marries a widow is bound to give up smoking. If she gives up the weeds for him, he should give up the wood for her.

"Would I were a man!" exclaimed a strong-minded woman in her husband's hearing. "Would you were," was his remark, "for then I would never have been united to you."

An old lady recently directed the attention of her husband to a pair of twins, remarking, as she did so, "How much these two children do look alike, especially the one this way?"

Any decent looking and respectable man can get a wife for the asking who will stay by him; but nothing short of cash will secure a hired girl, and then she is not liable to stay over two weeks.

An old bachelor, at a wedding-feast, had the heartlessness to offer the following toast: "Marriage—The gate through which the happy lover leaves his enchanted regions and returns to earth."

The versatility, breadth and scope of mind is illimitable, but it seems hard to comprehend how it is that a woman upon returning from church can describe in detail every noticeable dress, and yet declare that she heard and enjoyed every word of the sermon.

The authoress of "Loving and Being Loved," compares a man to a silk umbrella, in these quaint terms: "A good man is like a strong silken umbrella—trustworthy and a shelter when the storms of life pour down upon us. A mere walking-stick when the sun shines—a friend in misfortune."

Two French ladies were looking at the pictures in the Paris Salon. "So I hear," said one, "a celebrated painter has finished a picture for you." "Yes, he has graciously consented to paint the portrait of my husband for my drawing-room." "Indeed!" said the first speaker. "Well, for a room like that, I think I should have chosen a gayer subject."

Women make their advances as Time makes his. At twenty, when the swain approaches to pay his devoirs, they exclaim with an air of languid indifference, "Who is he?" At thirty, with a prudent look towards the ways and means, the question is, "What is he?" At forty much anxiety manifests itself to make the hymenial selection, and the question changes to "Which is he?" But, at the *ultima thule* of fifty, the anxious expectant prepares to seize the prey, and exclaims "Where is he?"

King Fairy-Hand.

BY F. G. C.

"Half-past ten o'clock!" sighed Milly Mann, "and I've not nearly finished, though I've been working hard all day long."

And Milly bustled here and there, sweeping, dusting, cleaning, rubbing, flying about from one thing to another—in fact, trying to do half a dozen things at once.

And a pretty state of confusion the room was in in consequence! The chairs were all lying about, the contents of the dresser-drawers had been emptied out on to the floor in seeking a duster; the clean linen had been partly taken out of the basket and sorted, and was now lying about in dangerous proximity to the pots and kettles which had been put there while Milly was sweeping the shelf; the coal-scuttle had been placed in the centre of the room, tilting on the broom handle, while the old cat and her kittens were playing hide and seek in the linen-basket, regardless of the consequences to the clear print dress which Milly's mother was looking forward to wearing to-morrow.

"There, now, I must begin to clear up," exclaimed poor Milly, in desperation, seizing the big kettle and saucepan, and bearing them off. Suddenly her eye alighted on the cat. "Oh!" she cried, "what would mother say to see you there: I'll give it you!" And she seized the broom-handle to carry out her intention, when, with a crash, over went the coal-scuttle, and its contents were scattered in every direction.

This was too much for Millie: her courage gave way, and sitting down on the floor she burst into tears, exclaiming, "That's just my luck: I do my very utmost, and yet everything seems to go wrong." And folding her hands over her eyes she buried her head in her lap, and gave herself up to grief and despair.

* * * * * *

Rat, tat, tat!

"Where did that knock come from?" cried Milly, to herself. "It sounded as if it were beneath the floor." Then raising her voice, she said, "Who's there? Come in!"

What was her surprise and alarm to see rising out of the floor itself a queer-looking little dwarf, about two feet high, with a wizened face and piercing eye, who came straight towards where Milly was sitting.

"Oh, dear!" cried Milly, in a dreadful fright. "Who are you? and what do you want?"

"Child," said the old man, kindly, "I am King Fairy-hand, and I am the ruler of one of the most powerful tribes in the fairy kingdom; and though I have only ten servants, they can do such wonders as were never equalled by living creatures. And seeing you sweeping just now, I have come to comfort and help you."

"Oh, how kind of you, King Fairy-hand!" said Milly, brightening up, and quite reassured by the old man's gentle manner. "Will you, then, help me to get the place tidy before mother comes in?"

"Indeed I will, with pleasure," replied the king; and you and I will set here and look on."

Then spreading out both hands, he cried—

"Servants of King Fairy-hand,
Who delight in his command,
Do your duty, little band."

Immediately there sprang from the king's hands—whence Milly could not quite see, but it seemed as if they came from his finger ends—five pair of tiny dwarfs, about four inches high, who at once set to work to clear and tidy the room.

Milly noticed particularly that they all worked together at one thing till it was finished, and then commenced another. First of all they picked up the lumps of coal, and swept up the dust, then they put away the clean linen, swept the shelves, and arranged the pots and kettles; after that they did the stove, the grate, and various other things, and finished by sweeping, dusting, and tidying those unfortunate dresser drawers which Milly had left in such disorder.

"Oh, how they rubbed the table and chairs, and how quietly and thoroughly they dusted everything in the room, till in a very short space of time the place looked bright and cheerful and comfortable, and Milly clapped her hands with delight at the transformation!

"Oh, how quickly they work!" she cried: "no bustle, no hurry. Oh, King Fairy-hand, yours are the most perfect and exquisite little workmen I ever saw! and they look so cheerful and happy; too!"

"Ah, Milly! would you like to have a present of a set of my workmen?" said the king.

"Yes, yes!" exclaimed Milly. "But," she added, after a pause, "that cannot be, for they would not obey me."

"But I say they will," replied the king, sharply, "if you set to work in the right way."

"Oh, do tell me how!" cried the excited child, "and I will promise—yes, king, I will promise faithfully to do just as you tell me."

"Now," said the king, addressing the dwarfs, "just tell this little girl whence you come, and whom you obey."

Then the little men formed a ring, and sang, in their tiny voices—

"Ten little men are we,
In busy fingers living,
And we will faithful be,
Our best work always giving
To boys and girls and men
Who duty try to do;
If you're not lazy, then,
We'll come with help to you."

* * * * * *

"Milly, child," cried her mother, gently; "come, tis time for bed." And Milly awoke with a start to find her mother by her side.

Looking round the room still half asleep, and seeing it in beautiful order, she cried, "Haven't they done everything nicely, mother, dear?"

"Who?" said her mother, smiling. "I have done the room, Milly."

"Ah!" said Milly, gradually recovering consciousness, and looking very ruefal, "Then I suppose it was only a dream. Oh, I'm so sorry," she went on, beginning to weep, "that I've been so careless and untidy, mother, and that you had to do this after your hard day's work!"

"Come, dear, cheer up," said her mother, wishing to comfort her, "and tell me about your dream."

Then Milly related her dream to her mother, who, when she had finished, remarked, "Well, child, that is a very funny dream certainly; but if you will try in future to set about your work methodically, and do one thing at a time, your dream will have a good effect."

LONG AFTERWARDS.

BY JULIUS COMBE.

"Your coldness hurts Mrs. Lincoln," said one lady to another.

"I'm sorry," answered Mrs. Arnold, the lady to whom the remark was addressed; but the admission of a regret was not made with any feeling.

"Why do you treat her with such a distant reserve, Mrs. Arnold? I've noticed this a number of times. She's a lovely character—so intelligent, so refined, and with such a sweet spirit towards every one. The fault must be in yourself, if there is any natural repulsion."

It was an intimate friend who spoke, and the closing sentence was uttered with a smile.

"In that you may be right," said Mrs. Arnold, half-smiling in return.

"Then there is a certain repulsion?"

"Yes."

"I call that singular. To me it seems that you were born friends. Your tastes and sympathies run in the same direction; and you are interested in the same general subjects. I am sure, if you knew each other as well as I know you both, you would become closely knit together in friendship. I must get you into a closer acquaintance with Mrs. Lincoln."

"I would prefer remaining at my present distance," replied Mrs. Arnold.

"I'm surprised to hear you speak so decidedly. Mrs. Lincoln admires you; I've heard her say so, often; and desires to know you more intimately than she now does."

"That she never will!" and Mrs. Arnold's brows began to gather darkly.

"What's the matter? What do you know about Mrs. Lincoln, that sets her beyond the limit of your friendly acquaintance?"

"The truth is," said Mrs. Arnold, "I've got an old grudge against her. There was a time when it would not gratify her social pride to call me her friend—and she treated me accordingly. She was a woman when I was a child."

"Well—go on."

Mrs. Arnold had paused, for she was conscious that her cheeks were burning—that her voice was losing its steadiness of tone. At length she said: "There may be pride and weakness in the case; but no matter! Thus it stands; I was a quick, intelligent child, but very sensitive. Mrs. Lincoln visited my mother, and I often met her in the parlor, when company was present. I was really fascinated with her; and I thought her the loveliest lady I had ever seen. One day when she was at our house, I sat listening to the conversation that was passing between her and some other friend of my mother's; and Mrs. Lincoln, in speaking of prevalent human weakness, quoted a couplet from Pope:—

"The love of praise, how'er concealed by art,
Rules, more or less, and glows in every heart."

Now I had read largely in Pope, and held in memory a great many of his terse maxims. Every word of this couplet was familiar, and my ear instantly detected one wrong word in the quotation. In my childish ardor and artlessness, I said, looking into Mrs. Lincoln's face, 'It is *reigns*, ma'am.' Her eyes turned, flashing on me, in an instant, and with an angry face, she said, 'You've forgotthn yourself, Miss Pert! Children should be seen, not heard.' She never saw nor heard me in the parlor again. I went out, with hot cheeks and a heart full of pain and bitterness. I was sensitive, to a fault, and this rebuke—so unjustly given—hurt me to a degree that few would imagine. I feel it still, and it is over twenty years since the slight occurrence. My pride was deeply wounded. It has so happened, that since I became a woman, Mrs. Lincoln and I have, until recently, moved in different circles. I grew up, out of her observation, and married. It is more than probable that she has entirely forgotten the incident which burnt itself into my childish memory—may not even now remember me as the daughter of her old friend. But I have not forgotten, and can never forget. She pushed me away from her once; but she will never have a second opportunity."

"The child's resentments should not accompany, into after-life, the child's memory," said the friend, as Mrs. Arnold ceased. "Mrs. Lincoln spoke from a sudden sense of wounded pride, and no doubt repented, in the next calm moment. Your mature reason, your observation, and your acquired self-knowledge, should set you right in this matter."

"I shall let her go her way through the world," replied Mrs. Arnold, coldly. "It is wide enough for us both."

A few days after this conversation, the lady-friend who had talked with Mrs. Arnold was sitting in company with Mrs. Lincoln. Conversation passed from theme to theme, when, at what seemed a fitting moment, the lady said, "Do you remember this incident, of years ago? You made a quotation from a well-known poet and a little girl corrected you in a single word?"

"Yes. I remember it very well."

"And what you said to her?"

"I do; and as one of the regretted things of my life. She was a dear little girl, sweet-tempered and intelligent—but a trifle forward, and apt to put in a word now and then, in so mature a way, that innocence on her part sometimes seemed like forwardness. Yes; I remember her correction, and that I lost temper, and called her Miss Pert. I was sorry and ashamed the next moment. How came you to know of this?"

"I had the story from her own lips."

"When?"

"Only a few days since."

"And she has carried the memory of that hasty rebuke rankling in her heart ever since?"

"Ever since," said the lady.

"Ah; if we could so recall our hasty words, as to take away their power to do harm, what a blessed thing it would be! But where is she? I must bring her, if possible, into a better state of mind."

"You have met Mrs. Arnold."

"Mrs. Arnold! Can it be possible! Surely, she is not the daughter of my old friend, Mrs. Willis. She is not the little Emily I have thought of so many times and always with a troubled memory."

"The same," was answered.

"And in all these years she has not forgotten nor forgiven my fault. I must have wounded her sorely."

"You did. Here seems to be one of those proudly sensitive natures, into which all impressions go deeply."

"Extraordinary! I could not have believed that an impression made on a child's mind would remain in such distinctiveness and force, through so many years. What a lesson it is!"

"I wish it were possible for you to get near her, Mrs. Lincoln, and let her feel how kind a heart you have. She has admirable qualities. And I am sure that if this barrier were removed, you would be friends."

"Oh, it must be removed," said Mrs. Lincoln. "Now that I know of its existence, I will have no peace until it is level with the earth."

* * * * * *

"There is a lady in the parlor," said a servant, coming to the door of Mrs. Arnold's room. "And here is her card, ma'am."

Mrs. Arnold took the card, and read the name of Mrs. Lincoln. She stood for some time irresolute. It was on her lips to say, "Ask her to excuse me; I am engaged." But she was not engaged. And, moreover, since her communication to the friend who had shoken so favorably of Mrs. Lincoln, she had felt less satisfied with herself. It did seem like a vindictive spirit thus to cherish ill-will through so many years.

"Say that I will be down in a few minutes."

It cost her an effort to utter this; but it was said—the meeting must take place. She sat in a disturbed state for some time, before venturing to go down stairs. Then, with what self-possession she could assume, she went to meet the woman who, twenty years ago, wounded her so deeply, that the pain had not yet died out of her consciousness.

The two ladies stood face to face, and hand in hand. The name of Mrs. Arnold had been spoken warmly; that of Mrs. Lincoln with an almost repellent coldness. There were a few moments' silence. Mrs. Lincoln said, "Your mother was my best friend. I loved her as a sister. Will you not, for her sake, forgive the cruel words that hurt pride sent thoughtlessly from my lips—words repented of almost as soon as spoken, and regretted many, many times! Oh, if I had dreampt of their power to cut so deeply, I would have sought years ago to repair the wrong."

This was unexpected. There was no time to reconstruct the barrier which Mrs. Lincoln had suddenly thrown down. No time to gather up the broken chain of ill-will and unite the links. The tender and true in Mrs. Arnold's heart responded. She was softened to tears. Her mother's name had touched her like a talisman. "My best friend; I loved her as a sister." These words disarmed her.

"Let the past be forgotten!" she answered resolutely.

"Forgotten and forgiven both, my dear Mrs. Arnold, so that we may be friends in the true acceptation of the word. My heart, even without recognising in you the child of an old friend, has been drawing towards you steadily. It perceived in you something congenial. And now, may I not receive from your lips a kiss of forgiveness?"

Mrs. Arnold bent towards her.

"Let it be genuine," said Mrs. Lincoln.

And it was. In that kiss the old pain of wounded pride was for ever extinguished. How long it had rankled!

A single, hasty, ill spoken word, what years of bitterness may it not give to some weak heart! We fling out hard sentences, in the heat of sudden anger, that may hurt like hammer-strokes; and, in most cases, forget that such blows were given. But they made memory, against us, retentive by pain."

HOW GREAT MEN WORK.

The methods of authors in the course of composition have been singular, and though no two of them have worked alike, they have, most of them, illustrated the old proverb that genius is labor, and that few great works have been produced which have not been the result of unwearied perseverance as of brilliant natural powers. First among the sons of literary toil stands Virgil. He used, we are told, to pour out a large number of verses in the morning, and to spend the rest of the day in pruning them down. It took him three years to compose his ten short Eclogues; seven years to elaborate his Georgics, which comprise little more than 2,000 verses; and he employed more than twelve years in polishing his "Æneid," being even then so dissatisfied with it, that he wished before his death to commit it to the flames. Horace was equally indefatigable, and there are single odes in his works which must have cost him months of labor. Lucretius' one poem Nature, represents the toils of a whole life; and so careful was Plato in the niceties of verbal collocation, that the first sentence in his "Republic" was turned in nine different ways. It must have taken Thucydides upwards of twenty years to write his history, which is comprised in one octavo volume. Gibbon wrote the first chapter of his work three times before he could please himself; and 'John Foster, the essayist, 'would sometimes spend a week over one sentence.' Addison was so particular that he would stop the press to insert an epithet, or even a comma; and Montesquieu, alluding in a letter to one of his works, says to a correspondent: "You will read it in a few hours, but the labor expended on it has whitened my hair." The great French critic, St. Beuve, expended incredible pains on every word, and two or three octavo pages often represented a whole week's incessant effort. Gray would spend months over a short copy of verses; and there is a poem of ten lines in Waller's works which, he has himself informed us, took him a whole summer to formulate. Miss Austen, Charlotte Bronte, Hume, and Fox have all recorded the trouble they took. Tasso was unwearied in correcting; so were Pope and Boileau. Even Macaulay, with all his fluency, did not disdain the application of the file; and there are certain passages in the first chapter of his history which represent months of patient revision. There is a good tale told of Malherbe, the French poet, which illustrates very amusingly the elaborate care he took with his poems. A certain nobleman of his acquaintance had lost his wife, and was anxious that Malherbe should dedicate an ode to her memory, and condole with him in verse on the loss he had sustain. Malherbe complied, but was so fastidious in his composition, that it was three years before the elegy was completed. Just before he sent it in, he was intensely chagrined to find that his noble friend had solaced himself with a new bride; and was, consequently, in no humor to be pestered with an elegy on his old one. The unfortunate poet, therefore, lost both his pains and his fee. So morbidly anxious was Cardinal Bembo about verbal correctness, that every poem he composed is said to have passed successively through forty portfolios, which represented the various stages towards completeness.

But it is now time to reverse the picture, and to mention meritorious pieces produced against time and with extraordinary facility. Lucilius, the Roman satirist, wrote with such ease, that he used to boast that he could turn off 200 verses while standing on one leg. Ennius was quite as fluent. Of Shakespeare we are told, "His mind and hand went together, and what he thought he uttered with that easiness that we (the editors of the First Folio) have scarce received from him a blot in his papers." When the fits of inspiration were on Milton, his amanuensis could scarcely keep pace with the fast-flowing verses, but we must remember that the poet had been brooding over his immortal work for years before a line was committed to paper. The most marvellous illustrations of this facility in writing are to be found in the two Spanish poets Calderon and Lope de Vega. The latter could write a play in three or four hours; he supplied the Spanish stage with upward of 2,000 original dramas, and Hallen calculates that during the course of his life he "reeled off" upward of 21,300,000 lines! Of English writers, perhaps the most fluent and easy have been Dryden and Sir Walter Scott. In one short year Dryden produced four of his greatest works—namely, the first part of "Absalom and Achitophel," "The Medal," "Mac Flecknoe," his share in the second part of "Absalom and Achitophel," and the "Religio Laici." He was less than three years in translating the whole of Virgil. He composed his elaborate parallel between poetry and painting in twelve mornings. "Alexander's Feast" was struck off at a single sitting. Everybody knows the extraordinary literary facility of Sir Walter Scott. If we can judge from the many original MSS. of his novels and poems which have been preserved to us, it would seem that he scarcely ever recast a sentence or altered a word when it was committed to paper. Dr. Johnson's "Rasselas" was written in a week, to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral. Horace Walpole wrote nearly all the "Castle of Otranto" at a sitting, which terminated not by mental fatigue, but by the fingers becoming too weary to close on the pen. Beckford's celebrated "Vathek" was composed by the uninterrupted exertion of three whole days, and two whole nights, during which time the ecstatic author supported himself by copious draughts of wine. What makes the feat more wonderful is, that it was written in French, an acquired language, for Beckford was of course an Englishman. Mrs. Browning wrote her delightful poem, entitled "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," a long elaborate romance in a difficult metre, in twelve hours, while the printer was waiting to put it into type. Ben Jonson completed his highly-wrought comedy of the "Alchymist" in six weeks, and Dr. Johnson threw off forty-eight octavo pages of his "Life of Savage" at a sitting. However much we may wonder at feats like these, we should not forget Sheridan's witty remark, that very easy writing is generally hard reading; and comfort our commonplace selves with the thought that, in nine cases out of ten, genius in literature is like genius in practical life, little else than honest indefatigable labor fortunately directed.

FARM AND GARDEN.

CURE FOR THE GAPES.—Carbonetted water is said to be excellent for gapes in chickens. A pill of camphor gum, the size of a pea, may be given.

BONES FOR CATTLE.—In Spain they are beginning to feed cattle with forage intermingled with ground bones in order to increase the quantity of phosphate of lime in food.

CHALK FOR CALVES.—In an old agricultural paper of forty-seven years ago, we learn that it is a good plan to put a piece of chalk in the pen with the young calves. They will lick it and thus correct the acidity of their stomachs, assist digestion, and prevent dyspepsia.

A HOME-MADE RAKE.—Take a piece of plank two feet long, one inch thick, and three or four inches wide, and drive twenty-penny nails in it as close as you wish; nail a handle on it, and you have a good rake that will not cost you more than five cents.

POULTRY ROOSTS.—Poultry roosts should never be allowed in horse or cow stables. Hen lice are very apt to attach themselves to the animals, to their serious detriment. Nothing is more surely calculated to destroy their appetite and prevent them from taking on flesh.

IMPURE WATER.—The impurities that make water injurious to health are organic matters, such as are abundantly supplied by barnyards, drains and cemeteries, where the decay of animal and vegetable substances is going on. Some families who live on farms, and who fancy they are drinking the best of water, are, in fact, constantly imbibing poison that will appear, perhaps, in the dreaded form of diphtheria or typhoid fever.

ROADS ON THE FARM.—Make the roads everywhere on the farm before it is firmly settled, as it makes the best job, and it is not so apt to wash away by heavy rains. When left until hay-making, then the ground is too hard to pick or plow, and what is thrown into the road remains loose, and draws heavy when the hay and grain are being hauled. But when it is made early in the spring it settles firmly by the time the hay-making and harvesting comes.

A VALUABLE MIXTURE.—A valuable mixture to keep on hand at this season is one of coal ashes, sulphur and hellebore. The ashes should be very fine. It is best after passing them through the ordinary coal-ash sieve. To one pailful of ashes thus sifted add a quart of flour of sulphur and hellebore, and mix together. For currant worms, plant-lice, cabbage fleas, slugs on pear trees, melon bugs this is very effectual. It is always best to use it in the cool of the morning, while the dews are upon the leaf.

COW FOOD.—The *Live Stock Journal* decides general questions as to cow food: "We have seen pumpkins fed quite freely with excellent result in quantity and quality of milk; but it is not fit or economical to feed too largely of any one food. Potatoes fed in moderation are excellent for milk; but given in too great quantity they will reduce the yield. Turnips or beets must not be given too liberally, corn-fodder, given as a sole ration, is unprofitable; but fed with half pasture will keep up the yield of milk and add largely to the profit of the season."

THE USE OF THE HOE.—Hoe your plants towards night, in a very dry spell, and in the morning you will find the earth around them showing plain signs of moisture—absorbed from the air—which will not occur when the ground is packed hard. Incidentally you keep the weeds killed, and stimulate growth in the plants. Two men, owning gardens side by side, once planted corn of the same variety, on the same day, and under the same conditions. One had well grown corn for his table ten days ahead of his neighbor. He hoed it twice a week, and sometimes loosened the earth every day. The other hoed his the traditionary three times. There is a great deal of virtue in a hoe.

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BY F. R. H.

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If we succeed—'tis not success,
In that we reach our goal;
The way by which we reach to it
Makes the success of soul.

All victories we count not great
By number of the slain—
The noblest victories of the world
Have left not mar nor stain.

We do succeed in all that builds
Our souls to higher height;
Success is failure oft, and failure oft
Success—but out of sight.

OLD MARTIN'S WHIM.

—OR—

The Fate of Years.

BY C. LEON GUMPERT.

XIII.

"I am willing to listen to all you have to say, of course, Mrs. Royer, but at the same time I take such an interest in this old gentleman that I rejoice to know that his unnatural daughter has found him. So Mrs. Holbrooke is his daughter. I expected as much. She desires to reconcile herself with her old father——"

"This Mrs. Holbrooke I am sure is not his daughter. If you will accompany me Doctor, I will explain. Come out to Lapton Lane. I will say nothing—do nothing unless you promise to accompany me. I have good reasons. Poor old man!" she exclaimed, gazing at Winthrop's pale face, "how he has suffered and through my agency. Is he asleep or would it be safe to awaken him, Doctor?"

"It would not be safe!"

"So—then I suppose George and some assistant could carry him to the carriage, for he must go with me. You see I left Mrs. Holbrooke at a friend's house. I will put this old creature in the carriage—you accompanying us, of course, and then we will stop for Mrs. Holbrooke and then proceed to Lapton Lane without further ceremony."

Enderly was excited—he was curious to witness the meeting of daughter and father. He said, "I will go with you Mrs. Royer. Let the old man be carefully dealt with. Let him be treated with consideration for his age, his misfortunes."

"This is unnecessary," interposed Mrs. Royer, "I know exactly what to do!"

"I beg your pardon!" said the Doctor, half smiling at her vehemence. "Of course you are queen here and I your subject."

"Nonsense—but Doctor, pray let the old man be put in the carriage."

"With all the pleasure in the world, and seeing that there is no attendant close at hand, I will volunteer to assist your servant, George,"

"Oh, Doctor! I could not think of such a thing!" exclaimed "my lady."

"Then you shall think of it—for I am one of the slaves whom you command. Here, George!" exclaimed Enderly, calling to the lackey. "You and I remove this poor old man into the carriage, and be very careful not to disturb him, for he is dead asleep! Softly, now!"

"My Lady" threw a splendid Indian shawl which she had in her hand, over the sleeping form of the old man, and said, "Be careful! Wrap the shawl about him. I know how old age suffers, especially in this climate. Take him to the carriage, George!"

She looked, as she said this, imperiously at the Doctor and the Doctor felt that notwithstanding her contrition that she was a demon at heart, for she looked at him as much as to say—"My servant's servant for all I care."

Enderly helped George to lift old Martin from the cellar into the carriage. All this disturbance did not rouse him. He was still in his state of coma.

"And now, Mrs. Royer!" exclaimed Enderly. "I am upon the threshold of the solution of this mystery I suppose. You said that the daughter of Martin Winthrop has been found. Is that so?"

"It is quite true," said Mrs. Royer, in a low voice. "And I am to take her father to her."

"Mrs. Holbrooke?"

"Yes—Mrs. Holbrooke!"

"What—Mrs. Holbrooke who so persistently denied any knowledge of the old man in my office.

"No!"

"Who then?"

"His own daughter."

"Where is she?"

"Come out to Lapton Lane and you shall see!"

"I cannot leave my business, Mrs. Royer, otherwise I would gladly."

"You must!"

"You insist upon it?"

"Yes."

The Doctor and "my Lady" emerged into the street, closed the cellar door after her and followed her up the stairs. In the carriage lay the old man still asleep—reclining upon soft cushions and covered by the Indian shawl.

"You must come with me," repeated Mrs. Royer.

"With pleasure," responded the Doctor assisting "my Lady" to ascend into the clarence, and then taking a seat beside her. "I am anxious—exceedingly anxious that this matter should be off my mind!"

"So am I—Doctor."

Nothing further was said during the drive. There was a gloomy silence in the carriage and the Doctor felt that the mystery of this old patient of his was about to be completely solved. So he closed his eyes in reverie as the vehicle drove on and gave way to a variety of thoughts respecting the denouement. What was the meaning of this sudden contrition on the part of "my Lady?" Where was the daughter of old Martin? He was so glad to be able to reach a clue, even if a small one, out of this labyrinth—and he was also glad that old Martin was to be restored to his daughter. Pondering upon these topics, after a weary ride, the clarence at length reached the stone wall which bordered the Royer domain and went at a slow gait up the carriage road to the house.

When they reached the house three servants lifted the old man out of the carriage and bore his unconscious form into the reception room, the same room where he had lain in a trance on that dismal birthday festival.

Mrs. Royer exclaimed peremptorily, "Take him into the spare room—the best room on the East wing—place him in the bed and then call me." Then turning to the Doctor, she said not less peremptorily, but in a milder tone, "Doctor, you must stay here and see things righted!"

"Certainly," responded Enderly, "but where is this Mrs. Holbrooke?"

"You shall see her. Come in—come up into the spare room as soon as I can." The Doctor said to himself, "Surely I am one of her servants, or she considers me so. She is mad, this woman!"

Mrs. Royer disappeared abruptly and the Doctor stood chafing with impatience and then began to stride the floor burning with curiosity and anger.

Then a ring was heard.

A servant meekly called to the doctor, "My Lady wishes to see the Doctor." Then Enderly ascended and found the room without difficulty, opened the door and walked in. He was astonished to see old Martin sitting in a large arm chair, wide awake, and at his feet kneeling the proud queen of the Royer domain.

"You sent for me, Mrs. Royer!"

She turned on him with a quick gesture and cried out in a voice more like a lamentation than anything else, "Oh, Doctor, see! see!"

"Well," exclaimed Enderly, crossing the room and approaching the old man and her, "Well, what have you to do with me?" Martin made a grasp at the Doctor, and interrupted with a half joyous "You have saved me. Saved me. God be praised."

"All this is a bewilderment to me!" replied Enderly.

"His daughter has been found!"

"Where?"

"In this house!"

"Pray tell me how! Who is his daughter?"

"I am!" The Doctor was astounded.

"Yes." She bowed her head meekly.

"Yes—an ungrateful daughter, too—a woe-begone daughter, for she has not honored her father."

"You—Mrs. Royer!"

"It is Carrie—dear Carrie," interpolated old Winthrop, caressing the lady's hair. "God be praised! And oh, Doctor, what I have to thank you for!"

"How in the name of sense is this to be explained!" cried Enderly, looking still more bewildered. "You are not Mrs. Caroline Holbrooke!"

"I am."

"Explain—explain!"

"Mr. Royer is my second husband. I was married twenty years ago to Mr. Joseph Holbrooke. A few years after I was married I deserted my father and left him to starve or beg, and saw him no more till the moment he came upon me like a spirit sent by Heaven to touch my heart. Oh! that dreadful night in the pavilion! Oh! how cruelly I have acted—how cruelly—and God punishes me!"

"But," gasped Enderly, thoroughly taken aback by the denouement. "Who is this Mrs. Holbrooke—your guest?"

"My niece, who my first husband's brother's son married. His name was Samuel Holbrooke. His son's name was Joseph, like his uncle's. This lady is his wife. She knows nothing of my domestic life—she knows nothing of my abandonment of my old father."

"Then I was completely off the track in following her?"

"Completely."

"This is indeed a surprise, Mrs. Royer. And I am doubly glad now that you have restored the daughter to the father and the father to the daughter. Oh, everything will be cleared up now. Well, Mr. Winthrop," turning to the dazed old man, "Are you happy?"

"Happy, happy. I only want long life. Long life, Doctor, to enable me to complete my invention."

"He shall have it!" sobbed the penitent daughter, her head falling upon the old man's lap and her hands clasping his. "God's will be done! All I can do to make my dear old father happy shall be done. The rest of my life I devote to him. Entirely to him, and I pray that he may be spared to live long."

"I must! I must!" said Winthrop excitedly. "I have three large castings to make, and a bolt to file into shape, and then the machine it is good as finished and I shall fly away—fly wherever I please."

"Of course," said the Doctor. "And now you must rest, and in a little while new youth will come upon you and secure in the enjoyment of your daughter's love you shall be blessed forevermore.

THE END.

KATIE.

BY A. W. J.

"Who is for a journey on Sunday?"

"I." And I." "And I," cried a score of voices. "Where shall we go?"

The first speaker was a bright-haired, handsome lad; the latter—forming a sort of musical chorus—was a bevy of young girls.

It was always one of the events of the season.

Geoffrey Hearne was one of those envied men, yclept millionaires, and naturally commanded a vast deal of attention from mothers and daughters alike.

Who he was, where he sprang from, why he led a certain section of society, was never rightly ascertained.

He was good-tempered, and kind-hearted, he looked like a gentleman and was well educated.

So that when he and his thirty thousand a year burst upon the fashionable horizon, he was watched with the same sort of admiring curiosity as a rainbow is after a delicate light rain.

He was a bright, genial young fellow.

He was fond of girls, as most young men are; and at Earl's Court gathered around him all the fashion and beauty of Lanshire.

But among them all he could not see his other half.

For, petted as he was—almost idolized, in point of fact—he yet recognized that principle of equity in marriage which so many ignore, and which has wrecked so many lives.

And this reflection—rare in one so young—caused him to be exceedingly cautious and reflective. He was a welcome guest at many a home.

And not altogether for his wealth.

He was one of those bright, genial spirits who bring sunshine into houses, and help to make us forget that sorrow and trouble are still rife in the world. For him the sun always shone.

So that when, on this particular Saturday, Geoffrey Hearne cried out in that pleasant voice of his, "Who is for a journey on Sunday?" there was a general cry of "I!" "And I!"

"Well, it shall be, then!" cried Geoffrey, "A row up the river past the glorious Clieveden Woods, and then to Marlow, and the 'New Found Out' at Bourne End, a drive to West Wycombe, and back again to Skindells."

"Oh, yes, yes, that will be so nice!" chorused the girls.

"Very well, then," said Geoffrey, in his own happy fashion, "I suppose all the men will go!"

At this there was a good deal of laughing, and—I am afraid—some special espionage among mammas, for the company was a large one, and a good deal of flirting was going on.

The men were only too delighted at the idea of a Sunday in the country; and the ladies were equally pleased.

"A very good idea—awfully good!" murmured the Honorable Charlie Sabretache. "But we shall be rather a large party, shan't we?"

"What's that!" shouted Geoffrey. "Bosh and nonsense! I intend to charter a special train, of course!"

"Oh, how jolly—that's the thing!" the girls cried.

"Well, is it all settled, and shall we all go?" inquired Geoffrey.

"Yes, yes, yes," was then chorused all round.

Then he rose from the luncheon table, and all his guests gathered round and applauded him to the echo.

So Geoffrey and a few choice companions went off to Paddington to engage a "special."

Well, Sunday morning dawned.

A delicious dawn it was, too.

The sun rose through a veil of mist; the very station was a thing of beauty.

There was a bustle and excitement about the very porters pleasant to see.

As for the guard, he was in a delirium of expectation.

And then, when the rushing monster stopped at Taplow, what a laughing, happy family it was.

Why the girls laughed and the men all smiled, I know not, for love's wiles are beyond me, and I do not pretend to understand them. But I am sure in my own mind of one thing—that is, one and all of them were happy. What a great thing it is to be happy!

Then the whole party embarked in boats and the men rowed them towards Cookham.

Far above their heads was the dear little summer house, built on the very verge of a mighty chalk pit.

Above that rose the mansion.

To the left of the house was Burnham Beeches, home of the poet, Gray, whose "Elegy in a Country Churchyard," will live forever.

An old gypsy woman had predicted that the grand old mansion would be thrice rebuilt, and true enough was her prophecy.

For thrice had the devouring element seized the building, and thrice had it risen again like a phœnix from its ashes.

This day it was beautiful.

Far away above the trees rose the lovely building—a fairy palace, a heavenly mansion.

The ripple and plash of the water was very sweet.

The chalk hills in the Clieveden Woods looked pure and white as marble.

And yet—must I confess the truth? I think I must!

Geoffrey was not quite happy.

Something like a lump came into his throat.

His feverish life came before him in all its nakedness.

He longed for a continual repose, something which was not comprised in his life.

Never was a man more pure in thought, more wholesome in tone, than was Geoffrey Hearne this day.

Hearts were beating fast for him. It is utterly useless trying to disguise this fact.

I most unhesitatingly affirm that among that crowd of pretty flirts, and watching mammas and chaperones, this man was a cause of unceasing anxiety.

Fancy a handsome boy—he was scarcely more—with an income of thirty thousand pounds a year, and all Belgravia and Mayfair "'ware" of him.

I do not say that the pretty girls who made the bouquet of the party really and truly hunted the man down.

But I do affirm that there was a great deal of sickening anxiety among the elders painful to see. Of that there can be no earthly doubt.

Well, the party embarked, and the *man* formed a part of the picture.

It was a memorable day.

A hushed sort of surprise fell on them all.

The boats were moored, and they landed in the Clieveden Woods.

* * * * * *

Now, a man with an income of thirty thousand pounds a year ought never to be melancholy. It is all nonsense to suppose that anything can trouble *him*.

Add to this, that he has a bevy of beautiful girls surrounding him, anxious to anticipate his slightest wish.

Nor can, nor ought a man, under these circumstances, to feel lonely, and tired, and wishing for——well, he only knows.

And yet, Geoffrey felt just like this as he disembarked. Of course it was very absurd.

What *did* he want? What *could* he desire more than he had?

Well, the sequel will show.

* * * * * *

It happened in this wise. The house was untenanted for the time being, thus the party could wander through the woods. Indeed, a good-natured gamekeeper affiliated himself to the party, and carried them away bodily.

What a jolly time it was! What wonders of our great mentor, Nature, were shown to them!

One beauty of the great estate was left as a memento.

And this was a girl—a lodge-keeper's daughter belonging to another estate.

She had no thought beyond the flowers and the bright plumaged birds.

She was singing when Geoffrey and his party approached.

She knew nothing, cared nothing, save for nature.

A child of song, a lover of the flowers was Katie. How shall I describe her?

Why, in this wise. Black hair, floating over her white dress; hazel eyes, sweet and pure; red lips, sweet and ripe. Pretty Katie!

A white geranium nestled in her bosom. She was as shy as a fawn, and when Geoffrey Hearne, with his party, came upon the scene, she ran away, and hid herself in her chamber.

* * * * *

Twelve months passed away.

Geoffrey Hearne had changed. From being a gay, light-hearted boy, he had grown into a sorrowful, heart-broken man.

He and love had a hard struggle. But love came out triumphant; and, in the end—coyness, and tears, and protests notwithstanding—he married his pretty girl—his first love; and to this day, if you ask him the prettiest word in the English language, he opens wide his eyes, and replies, "Why, Katie, of course. Next to 'Home, sweet Home,' there is no such word as 'Katie;' and, of course, she forms part of the dear old English word 'home.' Ah, no, there is no such name as Katie!"

And, playing with his little children, as I do sometimes, I am almost inclined to envy him. Anyhow, I am sure he is right.

LADIES' DEPARTMENT.

Fashion Notes, Queries and Fireside Chat.

In midsummer days, when Nature seems to unfold the rich full bloom of her wealth of loveliness, in harmony with the scene Dame Fashion and her votaries display their brightest charms, in which the highest attainment of art in dress is visible. The gay drama of summer life has begun, and its participants are hastening away to the brilliant scenes in which they play the various roles of fashionable life, while Nature supplies the charming background of lovely gardens, woods and mountain, or again the scene changes to sandy beaches, rocks and crisp curling waves by the sea.

How many of these charming pictures are to be described, in all of which we find the touch of Fashion's fingers has given brilliancy and color to the scene, for even those which depict the pleasures of simple country life—the picnic, the croquet or garden party, as well as the grand *fete champetre*, to which are assembled the elegantes of wealth and fashion—the costume lends light to the scene, and is the most perplexing question which comes to the feminine mind, to decide which, the dominion of Fashion is frequently explored to gather fresh treasures of novelty and beauty.

At home and abroad the chronicles tell us of the gay doings of the fashionable world, from which we will try to glean something charming and new.

One of the most brilliant entertainments recently given in Paris was the *Kermesse* which was held in the Orangery of the Tuileries gardens, and at which was assembled the most aristocratic persons in Paris. The costumes were of the most charming originality and elegance, in which Fashion gave expression to her latest ideas, and defined new lines of beauty to guide us in dress. The *Kermesse*, or bazaar, was arranged in picturesque stalls or shops on the terrace, while ladies of rank presided over them and gave additional brilliancy to the scene by the unique elegance of their costumes. The Persian shop fitted in the Oriental style, the flower shop in pure Louis XV. style, and a milk shop after Louis XVI. type, were the most attractive spots in the Orangery. The Trianon milk shop was presided over by the Princesse de Leon, the Countess de La Rochefoucauld, the Countess Octave de Bebague, and the Marchioness d'Hervey de St. Denis. The Countess de Pourtales sold champagne only. The Count d'Hennisdal, who assisted at the stall, was dressed as a marchand de coco, with the orthodox fountain on his back exactly like the itinerant dispenser of syrups to be met with in the streets, the only difference being that the Count sold the best sparkling Moselle. The Countess de Pourtales wore a simple dress of sulphur colored cambric, the skirt trimmed with a single flounce edged with lace; the open plaited bodice was fastened with a waistband; a Gainsborough hat in coarse brown straw, trimmed with a white batiste and lace necktie and a bouquet of primroses at the side; a similar bouquet on the bodice. Many other ladies adopted the huge Reynolds, Rembrandt and Gainsborough hats of English origin, and there is little doubt that they will be a feature in seaside fashions this summer. Those worn at the *Kermesse* were generally white straw, with immense plumes of white feathers. The Princess de Sagan's stall was filled with wares from Vienna, and she was assisted by Mmes. de Gallifet and Geny d'Aroy. These are their toilettes: Princess de Sagan in navy blue linen, trimmed with Indienne, outlined with gold; scarves of Indienne embroidered with gold, crossed the skirt and were piped with a pale blue satin; bouillones of light blue satin on the bodice; a large bouquet of streaked carnations; navy blue straw hat with feathers; a bow of light blue satin ribbon and gold braid. The Marchioness de Gallifet: Navy blue linen dress, with casaque, opening over a long brocaded silk jabot; a black straw Louis XVI. hat, with a spray of eglantine. The Countess de Geny: A Louis XVI. costume, made with paniers, the material being Persian cotton over a moss green silk skirt, trimmed with plaitings; a white straw Trianon hat, with a large bow in front and a bouquet of roses at the back. Another costume was of dark green foulard, trimmed with insertions of embroidered muslin; the tablier was covered with bouillones of embroidery and lace. On the bodice, pockets, hat—in fact, everywhere—there was a profusion of bouquets of violets. A lilac silk dress, with long train; the skirt trimmed in front with crossbands of lilac satin; a small Tuscan Auvergnat hat. Dark ruby skirt, with tunic and paniers of striped black gauze, satin stripes alternating with dead ones; the casaque was ornamented with large pearl buttons; Rembrandt hat in black straw, with golden pheasants' and black feathers. Worth's style was easily recognized in this last toilette, and indeed in many others; for "art costumes" are the rage, and the English man milliner creates them to perfection. They assimilate well with the Gainsborough hat, which has already been warmly welcomed. Several were worn at the races, together with a number of pale batiste dresses of such soft colorings as Bengale pink, moonlight green, turquoise blue, and gray blue, sulphur, etc., trimmed generally with embroideries of bright colors, or with gold embroidery on Indienne. These dresses were made with milkmaid or lavenue tunics; others with close fitting Louis XV. casaques, cut long, ornamented with large pockets, and falling so low on the skirt that no tunic was required. Others still were worn with a blouse casaque, plaited both front and back, and confined around the waist with a band, the tablier and the yoke being silk. This design is charming and stylish in pink batiste, with cardinal red silk, in pale blue batiste and navy silk, in sulphur muslin with flame silk, and black bows. The silk plaits in front are crossed with either Valenciennes or Venetian point lace. The same arrangement was popular in Indian cashmeres of light colors, trimmed with Russian lace and silk embroidery.

Let us return to our homescenes, and take a glimpse at some of Fashion's novelties which have recently been prepared. Among them are some pretty cora dresses, of foulard poagee, or linen, or a light ecru woolen material. In these the waistcoat, or chemisette, is formed by a pleating of checked foulard, the skirt opening in front over a similar pleating; sometimes the skirt has a simulated tunic formed by a band of checked foulard; the hats which are worn with these costumes are of coarse straw, with a checked foulard bow in front. Green and blue Scotch plaids have gained in popularity for short costumes, the trimming consisting of pipings of red, or yellow; the tunic is made a la Zouave looped up by velvet bows, and the corsage is cut away at the lower part, displaying a vest which may be white, with gilt buttons. The vest has attained such a popularity that it not only assumed every variety of shape, but all the styles of materials are used, and always appropriate for the occasion; for simple costumes it should be of dark silk, either plain or figured; and in costumes of richness, it centres in itself the elegance of the dress; in its various forms it is a high neck for morning or every-day wear, and is cut square for evening, or even entirely *decollete*, or low neck, appearing in the form of a plastron, in all of which Fashion allows full scope for the use of the most elaborate materials, while the same fabric appears in other parts of the dress as the trimming of bias bands, cuffs, revers, and the belt. Plaids and stripes are very much used in forming these trimmings for plain materials, while costumes composed of the figured materials use the plain for trimming. Plain linens and cambrics are trimmed with a similar fabric striped, while with all the belt is worn, whether half-fitting jackets or basque waists; to the belt is attached the chatelaine bag, which Fashion decrees should harmonize with the color of the dress trimmings; or it may be of black velvet or leather, while leather having been recently added to the list.

The use of striped or checked material as a trimming applied to woollen fabrics and wash goods, is one of the latest styles defined by Fashion, by which the popular use of the materials is firmly established. The front may be composed of the striped material, which, as I have previously stated, was in one costume pleated its entire length, while the polonaise was trimmed with a bias band of the striped, and was cut long enough to display only the pleating on the underskirt; the cuffs, collar and belt were of the striped fabric; with such a design, much that is effective can be produced by the exercise of a proper regard for the harmony of color; a blue and white stripe is combined with a blue cambric, or red and ecru striped may be combined with plain ecru, with a stylish effect.

The traveling dress appears with all well dressed people, made with the short skirt, and as every new style which has intrinsic merits to recommend it to popularity becomes the foundation of many modifications of beauty, so the short costume has slowly and steadily asserted for itself a position among costumes of richness. As a traveling costume, it has a deep pleated flounce on the skirt with a draped overskirt simply stitched on the edge while the vest and half, or tight-fitting basque complete it in detail.

White barege, foulard and, indeed, all white materials lead in popularity for evening dresses, on which are used elaborate garnitures of lamine fringe, or lace of various kinds.

A charming costume of ivory white barege is trimmed on the skirt with narrow pleating edged with Valenciennes lace. The polonaise simulates a basque front with trimming formed by a band of embroidered net with pale blue silk underneath. The drapery is in upright folds straight across the front, with a band of the embroidery on the edge, extending also up each side of the draped folds, fastening them on to the skirt; the same band of embroidery with blue silk underneath, trims the back drapery; bows of pale ribbon are mingled in the drapery on the sides and back.

In the matter of caps, imagination has been very fertile; and the new quaint shapes demand a certain style in the wearer. Of these I particularly noticed an exact imitation of a College cap in silk, with a pearl tassel, as well as the triangular of harlequin cap. Some of the latter are made up quite plain, and others are highly ornamented—for instance, one headdress in gauze has feathers, flowers, and Pompadour ribbon bows; at the peak appears a pearl knob, from which depends a beaded tassel. Perhaps the most peculiar form is an indescribable one, resembling somewhat a narrow upturned basket; the stiff strained brim forms four points, the front and back ones raised by flowers, a torsade of pale blue silk surrounds the soft crown to correspond. In the hand this bonnet-cap has rather a strange appearance, but on the head it looks charming. For morning wear, handkerchiefs of plain or striped foulard are deftly twisted into a Bordelaise or Creole headdress; for afternoon they have sometimes a wreath of pearls. Black and gold is a favorite combination; one specimen consists of black and gold Torchon lace, with gilded feathers and mulberries. Pale blue ostrich feathers tipped with pearls look very jaunty, mounted as a kind of Dolly Varden. The greatest novelty, however, is the floral cap, with its crown of foliage encircled by a garland of small flowers—white lilac, forget-me-nots, etc. Mother of pearl and phosphorescent flowers look extremely brilliant in bouquets and garlands.

As these fantasies for the head are worn by both young and old, and are not even restricted to married ladies, Fashion has departed from the style of matronly dignity by which the cap at one time defined the line of age so well that the young never thought to adopt its charming forms, no matter how becoming, but now it assumes all the charms of form and fabric that fantasy can suggest, and adorns the young and old alike.

The lizards and serpents so fashionable for holding the flowers which are fastened on the left side of the high bodices, and also worn as necktie ornaments, are to be seen here in great variety. They are eccentric and gorgeous for the purpose, but then they are *la mode*, and that is an all sufficient argument.

In parasols the latest popular style for every day use is made of broche silk, navy blue with white or red; the stick is of bamboo, and large.

Our Fireside Chat.

[Our columns being frequently pressed for space, I am at times compelled to omit some of the inquiries and answers, but they will all receive prompt attention in their turn. If any of the readers of the Ladies' Department have any good recipes or suggestions interesting to the sex, I will be very glad to receive them for publication.—Ed.]

Bath Buns.—I have used this recipe with very good success, and think the Fireside Chat readers will find it a good addition to their list of well selected recipes:

Make a hole in the middle of a pound of flour and put in half a tablespoonful of good thick yeast; warm half a teacupful of milk till about blood warm, and pour it upon the yeast; mix them up with about one-third of the flour and let it stand three-quarters of an hour to rise. When it has risen, put in six ounces of cold butter, and four eggs, add a few caraway seeds, and mix all together, along with the rest of the flour. Set it in a warm place to rise for a short time, then put it on your paste-board, and flatten it with your hand. Sift six ounces of loaf sugar of about the size of peas, and spread over the dough; roll or chop it together a little to mix the sugar; then put it in a warm place, in the pan, to rise for about a quarter of an hour; make it into buns by laying them on a buttered iron plate with a spoon or knife as rough as you can; sift some sugar on the tops, put half a dozen comfits on each, and just sprinkle them with a paste brush, to slightly melt the sugar and give them a gloss; prove them a little before baking; bake them in a pretty hot oven. For Bath buns, your butter must not be melted.

To Preserve Cucumbers.—As I have only recently heard that cucumbers can be preserved and are very nice, I send the recipe as it was given to me:

Put your cucumbers in a jar of strong brine, place it in the chimney corner, covered up, for a fortnight; then put them in a bell metal pot in the same liquor over a stove, cover them with vine leaves until they are green; take them off and put them into cold spring water, changing it twice a day until the saltness is quite out of them; soak some ginger and peel it, clarify some sugar and boil the ginger in it; when cold put it to the cucumbers; every four days take the sugar from them and enrich it with more sugar; do so three or four times, but let your syrup be quite cold before you put it to the cucumbers; every large cucumber should be split and the pulp taken out; lemon peel cut into slices is a very great improvement.—*Country Girl.*

Yellow Sponge.—In return for other favors I send the following recipe:

Nine eggs, whites and yolks beaten separate, another egg whole, (that is not beaten separate) one pint sugar, one pint flour. If a marble cake is wished, use this and the snow flake together, dropping in first a spoonful of the white, then of the yellow. It is beautiful, and fit for a king's feast.—*H.*

Raspberry and Currant Jam.—I think the following recipe will be found very good, and acceptable to all who like preserved raspberries; the addition of currants is a decided improvement:

Take equal portions of raspberries and currants, and add a pound of sugar to each pound of fruit; boil together until thoroughly mixed, and use the strainer to remove the fruit into the jars; let the juice boil for a short time, and pour over the fruit.—*Down East.*

ANSWERS TO INQUIRERS

DRUGGIST, (Delaware Co., Pa.)—Salaries vary so much in mercantile offices that it is impossible to fix an average in the way you want it.

DESPERATUM, (Rickaway, Ohio)—Neither tea or coffee, taken moderately, is injurious to health; and they are more wholesome, for most people, than cocoa or chocolate.

S. R. (Lisbe, Ala.)—The deeds will not show you who bequeathed the property by will. You must obtain a copy of the will before any step could possibly be taken in the matter, and then you would be compelled to employ a solicitor.

JUSTICE, (Worcester, Mass.)—When a gentleman quarrels with a lady, and the engagement is broken off between them, it is only becoming and proper that the presents mutually given should be returned; but there is nothing absolutely compulsory in the matter.

ROSE, (Yancey, N. C.)—You should not only feel ashamed to speak to a young gentleman whom you became acquainted with through a flirtation, but also ashamed to speak of it. Ask your mother if you did right to form the acquaintance of a gentleman in the manner you did, and take her advice upon the subject.

L. B. Sabine, (La.)—We do not see that we can assist you, as ninety-nine people out of one hundred have hands that perspire during hot weather. The tremulousness of which you complain may be produced by the laxitude occasioned by the weather, or from causes which, in ignorance of your habits, we are unable to specify.

SECRETARY, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The first nunnery ever founded was said to be that to which the sister of St. Anthony retired at the close of the third century. The first founded in France was near Poitiers, by St. Marcellina, sister to St. Martin, A. D. 360. The first in England was at Folkestone, in Kent, by Earbald, or Edbald, King of Kent, 630.

W. M., (Middlesex, N. J.)—We cannot sympathize with your teacher in his so-called "humane theories" which teach that it is cruel to catch fish, and eat animal food. In every drink of water there are numbers of "animal existences," so that if those "humane theories" are to be carried out, it is wrong even to quench one's thirst with nature's beverages.

G. H. (Randolph, Me.)—You would not do well to apply for another situation in the manner you state. It would be considered that you were of an unsettled disposition, and you would stand a chance of losing the one you have without the hope of getting another. Besides, you would not be improving your condition by the change, even if you could accomplish it.

FORTUNE, (Bucks, Pa.,)—You are foolish to believe what the fortune-teller told you. There is no such thing as lucky and unlucky days. Byron was born on a Tuesday; so was Napoleon I; Napoleon II on a Wednesday; Napoleon III. also on a Wednesday; Pope Pius IX. on a Sunday; Garibaldi on a Wednesday; Bismarck on a Friday, the 1st of April; the unhappy Emperor Maximilian also on Friday; his Emperor on a Tuesday; Mr. Gladstone on Friday, and Disraeli on a Saturday.

H. H. E., (Solon, Tenn.)—The question you ask cannot be decided with positiveness. No one can say with certainty what particular class of men have been the most meritorious on earth, or have done the most for the advancement of the race. It may be, as you say, that the discussion of such questions at length would prove very beneficial to society; but we do not see that such would be the case; and even if we did coincide with your views, we could not give the space which you require in the Post.

C. L. M. (Southwark, Phila.)—The person from whom you have rented the room has no right to prevent or obstruct your use of it unless by lawful means. If your rent is paid you are for the time being the owner of "the castle." If it is not, he can only eject you, or prevent your occupation of the premises by a resort to means which are prescribed by the laws. If the party acts as you describe, you can prosecute him for trespass. There is much misunderstanding as to the rights of landlords and tenants, but the law defines the rights of both, and in all cases of misunderstanding or difficulty it is best to appeal to the law.

JOAN, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—"A man abandons his wife and sells his real estate, consisting of up-town lots, without her knowledge or consent. The purchaser builds upon them a first-class house. I wish to know if the wife's claim to dower is imperilled or invalidated, or whether such claim is or can be increased by reason of subsequent improvements, and if she can recover anything previous to her husband's death?" She can make no claim on the property until after her husband's death, and the law fixes her status after that. A man who builds on lots under such circumstances, does so at his own risk and pecuniary peril, for his title is worthless.

C. Y. Z. (Wood, W. Va.)—In the cathedral of Girgenti, in Sicily, the slightest whisper is borne with perfect distinctness, from the great western door to the cornice behind the high altar, a distance of 250 feet. By a most unlucky coincidence, the precise focus of divergence at the former station was chosen for the place of the confessional. Secrets never intended for the public ear thus became known, to the dismay of the confessors and the wonder of the people, by the resort of the curious to the opposite point, which seems to have been discovered accidentally till at length one listener, having had his curiosity somewhat overgratified by hearing his wife's avowal of her own infidelity, this tell-tale peculiarity became generally known, and the confessional was removed.

COURT ROOM, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The black cap worn by a judge in passing sentence of death, is called the "Judgment Cap." In this country it is used exclusively on such occasions. In London, England, however, when on the ninth of November, the Lord Mayor is presented in the Court of Exchequer by the Recorder, as soon as the Lord Mayor comes into court, all the four learned barons put on their black caps, and keep them on all the time the Lord Mayor stays. The Lord Mayor, when he has advanced to the bar of the court, puts on his triangular, feathered hat, and the Recorder presents him in a highly complimentary speech, which, having been replied to by the Lord Chief Baron in an address equally complimentary, the civic procession departs. It is not known when it first came into use.

FLOWER-SPEECH, (Baltimore, Md.)—Roses are admittedly the emblem of love. An old tradition says that a rose gathered upon mid-summer eve, and kept in a clean sheet of paper until Christmas day, will be fresh enough for a maiden to wear in her bosom when he who is to be her husband will come and take it out. In Thuringia, Germany, the rose holds a similar position as a love charm; a maid who has several lovers will name a rose-leaf after each, and then scatter them upon the water; that which sinks the last representing her future husband. In some parts of that country it is customary to throw rose leaves on a coal fire, as a means of insuring good luck. There as well as in France and Italy, it is believed that if a drop of one's blood be buried under a rose tree it will insure rosy cheeks. Therefore, give the rose-bouquet the pleasantest interpretation.

HATES, (Philadelphia, Pa.)—The air of the American national song, "The star spangled Bruner," is Irish, so far as it has been traced. "The Marseillaise" is truly French. It is generally supposed the words and air of the English "God Save the King" originated with Handel, in the time of George the First. But it is also attributed to John Bull, musical professor, in Queen Elizabeth's time, who, it is said, composed it for a dinner given at the Merchant Tailors' Hall, in honor of the accession of King James; and others ascribe it to Henry Carey, about 1743. The French claim it. History tells us that certain words to that air were always sung by the maidens of St. Cyr, when Louis XIV. entered the chapel of that establishment to hear the morning prayers. It is said that Rutant was the author of the words, and Lulli, (who had been a scullion in that monarch's kitchen) the father of the French opera, composed the air.

L. C. (Excelsior, Minn.)—When you learn that at the present day in the Alps there are glaciers or bodies of moving ice many miles long and thousands of feet thick, you will see how easy it is for them to carry from place to place large masses of stone or drift. The glaciers are formed by the snow towards the top of the mountains and freezing, slide down into the valley, grasping and carrying off immense rocks, etc., etc., in their descent. During what is known as the glacial period in geology these glaciers floated or moved over a great part of the earth's surface, and melting in the warmer latitudes left there boulders and other marks of the countries whence they came. Good popular geological works are now very cheap, and you should get one and pursue the study of this interesting subject for yourself. When introduced to another and he says he is pleased to make your acquaintance, you make answer that the pleasure is mutual, thank him, or simply bow. There is no set form of words either usual or necessary.

HISTORICUS, (Harrisburg, Pa.)—You are evidently mistaken. There is evidence that a "high state of civilization existing in Assyria 3,000 years ago," and that literature flourished in the ancient cities of Nineveh and Babylon "as extensively and successfully as it does among us to-day." It is true they had not the printing press, but the discovery a few years ago of the library of Assur-banipal, King of Assyria, 700 B. C., gives us a fair idea of the character of the books of that time. They consisted of tablets of clay, varying in size from an inch to nine inches long, covered with characters, in some cases so minute that they could only be read by the aid of the microscope. After years of patient study the key to this lost method of writing was discovered, and the contents of these innumerable and singular books were laid open to the world. They consisted of historical records, chronological and astronomical tables, religious treatises, grammars of various languages, works upon science, art, social regulations and customs, the laws and general literature. These inscriptions were stamped from engraved blocks, a fact which shows that large numbers of copies must have been made, and leads to the supposition that this kind of books must have been extensively manufactured and commonly read by the people of the time.

V. O., (Montgomery, O.)—The natural bridge of which you speak is at Rockbridge, in a county of the same name in Virginia; the bridge is over Cedar creek, and is formed by the hand of nature. It has been termed "the most sublime of Nature's works." It is on the ascent of a hill, which seems to have been cloven through its length by some great convulsion. The fissure just at the bridge is by some admeasurements 270 feet deep, by others only 205. It is about 43 feet wide at the bottom, and 90 feet at the top. The breadth in the middle is about 60 feet, but more at the ends; and the thickness of the mass at the top of the arch about 40 feet. A part of their thickness is constituted of a roof of earth which gives growth to many large trees. The residue, with hills on both sides, is one solid rock of sandstone. The arch approaches the semi-elliptical form. Though the sides of this bridge are provided in some parts with a parapet of fixed rocks, yet few have the resolution to walk to them and look over into the abyss. But if the view from the top be painful and intolerable, that from below is delightful in an equal extreme. It is impossible for the emotions arising from the sublime to be felt beyond what they are here; so beautiful an arch! so elevated! so light! and springing as it were up to heaven! fills the spectators with indescribable rapture. The fissure continuing narrow, deep and straight, for a considerable distance above and below the bridge, opens a short but pleasing view of the North mountains on one side and Blue Ridge on the other, each at the distance of about five miles. We cannot say whether the story of its being advertised for sale is true or not.